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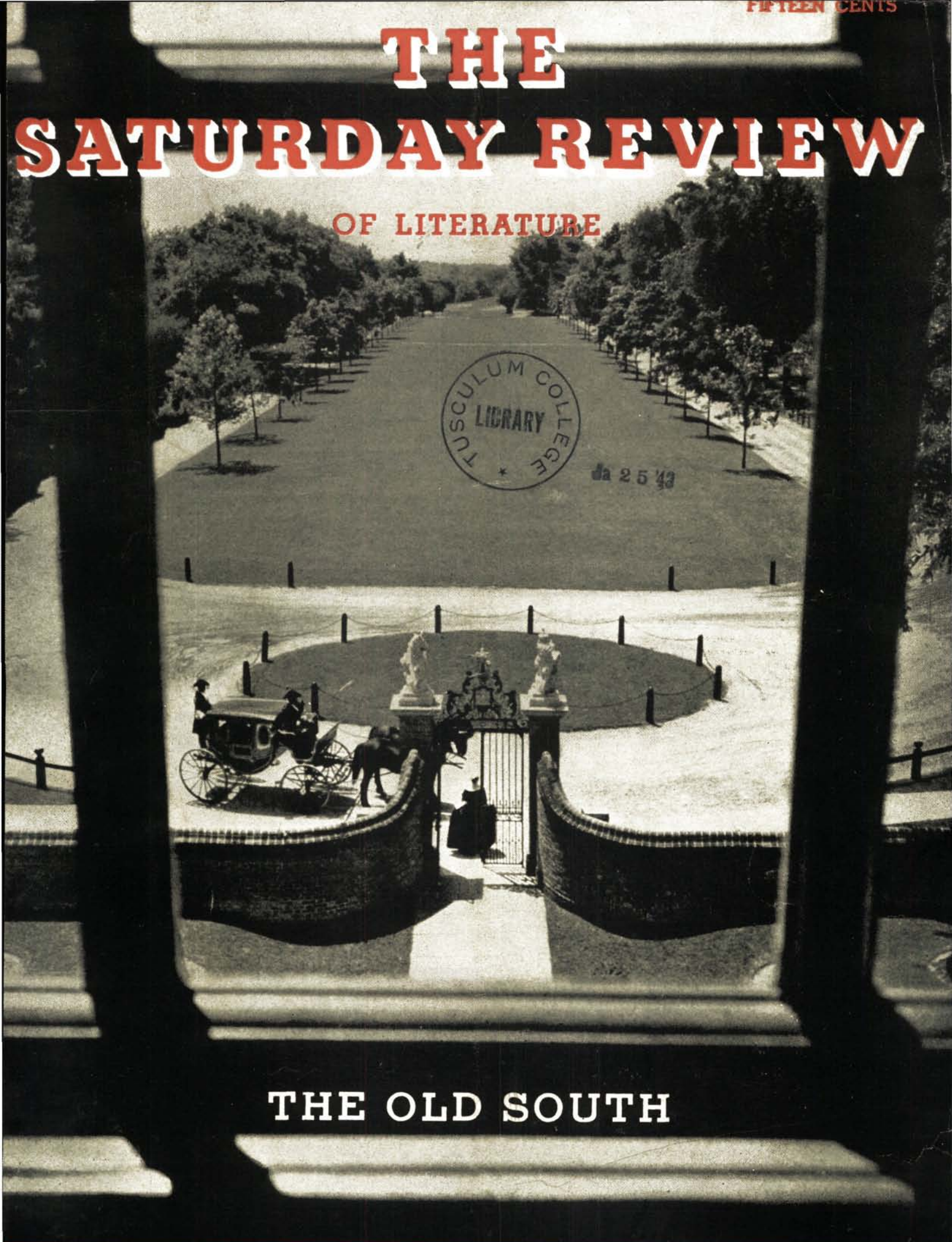

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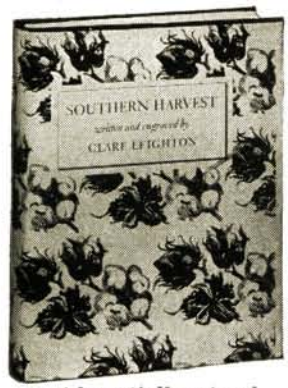

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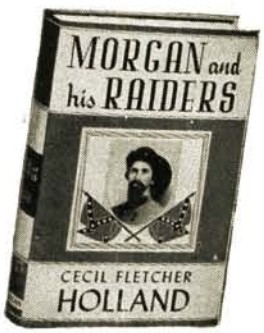

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The Saturday Review of Literature

The Upper Old South

An Editorial

IN the program of regional portraiture which *The Saturday Review of Literature* has projected, special issues of the magazine have been devoted to three Southern regions of the United States. The first two of these issues, concerned with the Southwest and the Deep South, respectively, have appeared. The third, which is before you, has been designated by the *SRL* the Upper or Old South Issue.

With allowances for the slight degree of overlapping which is inevitable in any effort to divide the South and the Southwest into three regions, for the purpose of presenting a cultural inventory of each, this three-way approach has certain manifest advantages. It permits a greater concentration upon the divergent cultural characteristics of the various areas examined, and a more intensive sampling. At the same time, it provides an excellent framework for the better understanding of the most documented and described of all the American regions.

Since the Deep South Issue took as its province the Gulf States and Georgia, plus the parts of Tennessee and Arkansas which touch the Mississippi River, the present number of the *SRL* is concerned primarily with Virginia, the Carolinas, Kentucky, Maryland, and Central and Eastern Tennessee. Its contents have been planned with a view to providing a sympathetic understanding and a vivid interpretation of a major epic in the building of America's cultural heritage.

We have here a part of America which has made a distinctive and far-reaching contribution to the political and intellectual development of the United States. The trail which leads from the mountaintop on which Thomas Jefferson dreamed his dreams of liberty and egalitarianism, to the columned portico of Old Hickory's "Hermitage," and thence to the Presbyterian manse in Staunton, where Woodrow Wilson was born, is a chain binding together mileposts on the highway not only to American, but to world democracy. It may be said, then, that the Upper Old South provides us with a blueprint, in microcosm, of the American tradition, from early colonial days to the present, embracing the planter aristocracy, the democratic climate of the frontier, the antebellum years, with their contrasts and contradictions, and the febrile twentieth century, with its speed, pace, clangor, and conflict.

The Upper Old South is primarily the tobacco South, just as the lower tier of states is, to an even greater degree, the cotton South. Tobacco growing was the base of the earlier Upper Old South and with manufacture forms the most important single unit in the economy of the present Upper South. There is also the great textile industry, far larger than New England's; there are vast shipyards and aircraft plants, hugely expanded for war purposes, whose dynamos are kept turning with surging TVA power; and there are rich farming areas, devoted to cattle and poultry raising, dairying, apples, cotton, wheat, corn, and peanuts. There is the trend toward a balanced economy that might set the enduring standard for the nation.

On the whole, the Upper South exhibits less glaring contrasts of wealth and poverty than the Lower South. The percentage of farms operated by tenants is considerably lower than for the states which touch the Gulf. The "Tobacco Road" type of sharecropper, nowhere numerous, is harder to find in the tobacco than in the cotton country. Inter-racial violence also is much less prevalent in the upper tier of states, partly, no doubt, because the proportion of Negroes in the population is lower.

Observers in the Deep South sometimes point out that on the Eastern Seaboard of the Upper South there are many trends which indicate a culture tending more toward the Eastern than the Southern. There is a large interchange of students in the universities and colleges, and the three Southern members of the Association of American Universities are in this area. The Piedmont Industrial South has violated many of the tenets of the Agrarians. Both the Upper and the Lower South have provided many distinguished literary figures in the past two decades, and each region probably has had more Pulitzer Prize winners than any other comparable area of the United States. Both combine to constitute, with part of the Southwest, what has been aptly termed Economic Problem No. 1, but both should be able to look forward to a future more satisfying than any they have ever known, when peace at last returns.

It will be particularly important in the postwar era for Americans of every region to understand the implications of an Allied victory, not only for themselves but for all other citizens of this land. This will be of special importance to the southern regions in their effort to achieve a greater degree of opportunity for all of their folk of both races; of special significance to the other regions that they may understand difficulties that abound; of greatest importance to the nation that there may be unity in diversity. The more completely each region familiarizes itself with the achievements and opportunities of the others, the greater will be the whole nation's realization of its vast potentialities, and the more certain will be the ushering in of an era of unprecedented obligation and opportunity for the South, for all regions, and for America in relation to the other regions of the new world society.

VIRGINIUS DABNEY
HOWARD ODUM
Guest Editors

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Guest Editors: Virginius Dabney (left) and Howard Odum.

Virginius Dabney is editor of the *Richmond Times-Dispatch,* author of many articles, and of two regional volumes, "Liberalism in the South" and the recent "Below the Potomac."

Howard W. Odum is director of the Institute for Research in Social Science; editor of *Social Forces;* and author of a number of books dealing with regional factors, notably "Southern Regions of the United States," and "American Regionalism."

Gerald W. Johnson is on the editorial staff of the *Baltimore Evening Sun,* and author of many distinguished books, his latest one being "Roosevelt: Dictator or Democrat."

Donald Davidson was one of the charter members of the earlier southern Agrarians, a contributor to "I'll Take My Stand," and author of "The Attack on Leviathan."

Struthers Burt, native of Baltimore and newly adapted Southerner. Author of a baker's dozen of notable books, including "Escape from America," (1936), "Powder River," (1938), and "Along These Streets," (1941).

James Southall Wilson was former editor of the *Virginia Quarterly,* and is author of many articles.

Mildred Mell is head of the Department of Economics and Sociology at Agnes Scott College.

Melville Corbett Ivey is one of the youngest of the Chapel Hill group and is teaching sociology at Meredith College.

Thomas Jefferson Wertenbaker, a native of Virginia, was formerly editor of the *Baltimore News.* He is also author of "Patrician and Plebian in Virginia" and "The Old South" (reviewed in this issue).

Edith Stern, who lives in Washington, is a widely published magazine writer. Her new book, "Mental Illness: A Guide for the Family," has just been published by The Commonwealth Fund.

John Temple Graves is on the staff of the *Birmingham Age-Herald.* His books include "Tonight in the South" and "Shaft in the Sky."

THIS WEEK: JANUARY 23, 1943

Cover from "Restoration of Colonial Williamsburg in Virginia": Palace Green as seen from the palace.

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Symbols of the South

The Contrast Between Brilliance and Solidity

GERALD W. JOHNSON

IT was in New Orleans that I received one of the great shocks of my life, administered by a vivacious lady from Texas. The conversation had seemed to me perfectly reasonable up to the point at which mention was made of my native State.

"What, you are a North Carolinian?" she exclaimed, wide-eyed. "Why, I thought you were a Southerner!"

That was years ago, but I never have recovered entirely. It taught me one of the Facts of Life, namely, that the Confederacy is no more; for if the State that supplied one-fifth of the soldiers and suffered one-third of the casualties of the Lost Cause is out, who is in? Up to that disillusioning moment I had blandly assumed that a Tarheel is not merely a Southerner, but The Southerner; so I went away chastened and subdued.

Since then, of course, Dr. Howard W. Odum has come along with his seven hundred criteria and demonstrated scientifically that there are at least two Souths and probably half a dozen; but, thanks to the lady from Texas, it did not take the careful reasoning in "Southern Regions" to convince me that there is a line of demarcation somewhere below the thirty-fifth parallel separating two regions that are a great deal more than merely geographical expressions.

It is my impression that Mr. Joseph Hergesheimer first gave to the tier of States along the Gulf Coast the designation of the Deep South, which apparently has been accepted with enthusiasm by that region. Although it gave the supercilious in the more northerly States the opportunity to observe that Deep is correct, if understood as meaning Low-Down, still the designation has merit. It is euphonious, but it is more; it offers a suggestion of the ultimate, the extreme, the outside limit; and that suggestion is the better part of its descriptive quality.

For there is no manner of doubt that it is the fixed conviction of the Deep South that the rest of the region is the Shallow South: and a plausible argument may be advanced in support of that view. I am ready to believe that the passions of a Virginian or a North Carolinian, or a Kentuckian are less likely, as a rule, to drive him to instant, forthright, and even headlong action than are those of a native of the Gulf Coast States; and if effective motivation is a true measure of depth, the case would seem to be proved.

Indeed, I am convinced that the essential difference between the upper South and the Deep South is, in the main, a difference of degree. As measured by most standards, the Deep South exceeds the upper South. Needless to say, this does not necessarily concede its superiority; in some ways, I think it is better, but in others it is indubitably worse, for one may exceed by running into excess.

The difference between the two regions may be vividly illustrated, I think, by considering the difference between two striking personalities that have represented them in recent years. These are Cordell Hull, of Tennessee, and Huey Long, of Louisiana.

Every Deep Southerner will resent that, of course, as typical of Shallow Southern prejudice, so I add hastily that in my opinion the Kingfish had many of the elements of a great man. I believe that Mr. Hull has been of much more value to the country; and I do not believe that Long represented fairly the best that is in the Deep South. But he did represent some of its best qualities as well as all of its worst; and Long at his best was superior to Hull.

For example, the equable and easy-going Secretary of State has never approached the colossal driving power that was in Huey Long. Mr. Hull can drive, and drive hard; but I do not believe any other man of our generation was such a human dynamo as the Louisianan. He was, in fact, a complete refutation of the delusion that languor and laziness prevail under the magnolias.

Huey Long was never able to interpret what he saw in coherent and sensible fashion, but he saw more than nine-tenths of the men in public life. His Share-the-Wealth program was nonsensical as an answer to the economic problem that confronted us during his days in the Senate and that still confronts us; but, although he couldn't frame the answer, I am inclined to believe that Huey Long saw the problem more clearly than the Secretary of State ever has. In vision as in energy the man from the Deep South was the stronger of the two.

AM I wrong in thinking that in this he was fairly representative of his region? The word, please note, is representative, not typical. The Deep South is full of unobtrusive, well-mannered, amiable people; but one rarely hears of them. Those of its people who have made the deepest impression upon the country are not of that type; they belong, rather, to the genus that in the region itself is described as the hell-roarer.

This is true of the Deep South in almost all of its phases. In politics it produces an occasional Oscar Underwood, or John Sharp Williams, to be sure, but it is the Longs, the Heflins, the Vardamans that startle and impress the country. In literature it can present a Stark Young, but it is the Faulkners and the Caldwells that carry the banner of the region. Even in holy orders it is probable that Texas's Rev. George W. Truett is less frequently regarded as representative of that State than the Rev. Frank (Two-Gun) Norris.

One may retort, of course, that neither North Carolina's Senator Robert R. Reynolds, nor its novelist Thomas Wolfe is exactly pallid and noiseless. Nevertheless, the rule holds, in spite of exceptions. The representative politicians of the upper South are such men as Hull, Byrd, Glass, able, indeed, and forceful but, generally speaking, as conservative in manner and expression as in opinion. Paul Green, the Agrarian group, Elizabeth Madox Roberts—such people are its representative writers in the creative field.

John A. Rice recently declared that the North Carolinian is the most thoughtful man in the South. His judgment, without doubt, was based largely on the scholarly books that have been streaming from the University of North Carolina Press and, more recently, from Duke University. Such institutions are, of course, an important influence in the life of the region, but they modify that life, rather than create it. The academic world is a realm of its own, pretty much the same in North Carolina as in Oxford.

It is mere speculation, of course, not susceptible of statistical proof, but I think the differences that mark their

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representative men reflect pretty faithfully differences that set off the life of the Deep South from that of the more northerly States below the Potomac. The Upper South is basically of the same stuff as the lower; but it is milder, more temperate in both speech and act, more tolerant. It has more humor, but less wit, more kindliness, but less courtesy, more wisdom, but less genius.

The Upper South is the place for the solid man, the Deep South for the brilliant man. The relation, in a way, is much like the relation between England and Ireland; and comparisons, in either case, are likely to be equally misleading and equally odious.

FOR my part—always admitting the possibility that a native of North Carolina may be a prejudiced witness—I vastly prefer to live in the Upper South. I like to think that this choice is based upon a spiritual affinity to Erasmus, but I am bound to admit the possibility that it may be, rather, a spiritual affinity to Mr. Casper Milquetoast. In any event, whether it be due to philosophical calm or to constitutional timidity, I am distressed in an uproarious environment. The keen, sardonic delight in excitement of a William Alexander Percy is beyond me, and I choose to risk boredom in the pedestrian existence of the Tarheels and the Virginians rather than nervous exhaustion in the more intense and exciting existence of the Mississippians and Louisianans.

At the same time I am aware that there is only one small letter between solidity and stolidity, and that greatness is based upon intensity, almost without exception. The fires of the Deep South frequently break out in dreadful forms—Ku Kluxism had its origin there, the homicide rate is appalling, the great part of all the lynchings have occurred there, and we have hardly yet quit shivering over the apparition of Huey Long. But these same fires may serve to temper the minds and spirits of great men. The very fact that the Deep South has been fruitful of eccentrics, is, to my way of thinking, convincing evidence that it is capable of becoming the seed-bed of genius. If we are ever to have in this country any such sudden flowering of incomparable talent as occurred in Renaissance Italy, look for it along the Gulf Coast rather than in the pleasant, but slower-paced land that lies to the north.

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The "Mystery" of the Agrarians

Facts and Illusions About Some Southern Writers

DONALD DAVIDSON

"A LIE can run around the earth while the truth is getting on its clothes." So said a character in a novel by Maristan Chapman far back in the nineteen-twenties. The saying illustrates perfectly the experience of certain Southern writers, commonly referred to as the Agrarian group, with the public that they sought to address in 1930 and later years. Today, the Agrarians are as well known through the numerous misrepresentations of their ideas as through the ideas and works themselves—perhaps better known. Whatever else may be said of "I'll Take My Stand," it has this unique distinction: it has been refuted by more people who have never read it—or even seen a copy—than any other book in American history.

Stark Young has been described as belonging to the "technicolor South."

The latest example of a refuter is Mr. John A. Rice, who in his remarkably interesting book, "I Came Out of the Eighteenth Century," suddenly steps off his autobiographical path and for no apparent reason takes one sniping shot at the Agrarians. "There had been another Old South, the technicolor South," he writes. "Thomas Nelson Page had been one of its authors, Stark Young was another, and John Crowe Ransom and his [*sic*] 'Southern Agrarians'—the only plowing they ever did was in the class-room—wrote a book to prove that the way back was the only way out."

I do not know why Mr. Rice, evidently a man of some perception and sense, should repeat these hoary fictions, invented long ago by ignorant and lazy critics. The Agrarians were never John Crowe Ransom's property, nor was he or anybody else their manager or high commander.

As to that well-worn gibe about the plowing, I suppose it originates in the characteristic American assumption that a man who writes a book is *ipso facto* incapable of steering a mule, or of rendering advice in any practical matter. Undoubtedly some Agrarians have not been between the plow-handles. Some other Agrarians have. I have not questioned them to establish the percentage. However, without exception they stem from rural backgrounds. Probably there is not a rural task common to the South in which this or that person of the band has not at one time or another engaged—whether plowing, planting, milking, feeding, or castration of hogs and cattle. And what they have not engaged in they have bossed. At the time when "I'll Take My Stand" was published and when Mr. Rice's predecessors in detraction were saying that the authors were merely a group of cloistered and nostalgic poets and professors, a number of the group were landholders endeavoring to supplement through crops and cattle the meagre stipend which the industrial order grudgingly permitted them to draw as poets and professors. The long discussion would have benefited much if the critics had assumed, what is indeed true, that the Agrarians had enough practical experience to know what they were talking about and were intelligent enough to supplement practical experience with inquiry into facts accessible to everybody. That the critics were not thus decent is *prima facie* evidence that they were more interested in discrediting the Agrarians than in meeting their arguments.

"I'LL TAKE MY STAND" was the only enterprise in which the Agrarian group functioned definitely as a group, agreeing on certain principles, although differing, even in that book, on application of principles. From that time on, they performed as individuals, for the most part acting independently of one another, although they certainly had the benefit, over a long period, of a kind of friendly communion rare in these times and in this country. It is true that a number of them joined in

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the symposium, "Who Owns America?", which was edited by Herbert Agar and Allen Tate. The emphasis should be on the word *edited.* Mr. Agar and Mr. Tate planned the book, and what Mr. Agar supposedly wanted to do was to harness distributism and agrarianism in one team. No such group consultation went into it as had gone into "I'll Take My Stand." It was a different thing entirely. After the event, Agrarians realized that "Who Owns America?" had rather unfortunately displaced another symposium which we had discussed and to some extent projected, as a sequel of "I'll Take My Stand." This sequel would have brought into one book the extensions and amendments of their views, the applications and documentations of their ideas, which were naturally in order after the publication of such a book of protest as "I'll Take My Stand" was. The sequel was never written, as a book, but its substance, and much more, is available in the periodicals in which the Agrarians sought a hearing, and in the books that they have written as individuals and are still continuing to write.

Whoever wants to know what the Agrarians have said and still are saying must therefore undertake an extensive course of reading, not only in the works of the original twelve men, but also in the work of like-minded men and women, some of whom were their friends or adherents, and in the prolific criticism launched upon them from every quarter. He must read the poems, novels, literary criticism, historical monographs, social studies, philosophical speculations of two dozen or more of the most fertile and productive minds that ever arose out of a common nucleus of ideas and more or less common concerns. All these writings are one body of thought, although all do not say the same thing.

Mr. Rice's phrase, "the technicolor South," echoes the old charge that the Agrarians take too romantic a view of Southern life. The charge has never been proved, and it cannot be sustained from the evidence. No critic has ever yet established a single major defect of Southern life or of the agrarian life, past or present, that the Agrarians have glossed over, ignored, or excused with romantic apology.

Actually, the contrary charge might be nearer the truth. The Agrarians have been almost too grimly realistic, and their boldness has had desperation in it. Indeed, how could it be otherwise? Passing through World War I and its discouraging aftermath, they had to fight the sterile disillusionment of the nineteen-twenties which afflicted all their generation. Instead of fleeing to New York or Europe, as many did, they turned to their own land for restoration of spirit and

Allen Tate and Herbert Agar, in editing "Who Owns America?", tried to harness distribution and agrarianism in one team.

found—what? Behind were seventy years and more of tragic Southern history, now for the first time really interpreted and set in perspective by objective historians. Its mark was still on field and city; it was fixed in their very blood-stream. Before them was the contemporary South, with its great traditional agriculture now debilitated, absentee-owned, ruined, gone disreputable. From it men fled to cities and factories, also absentee-owned for the most part, where the only difference was that they could be ruined for pay, and could call their disrepute progress. Chambers of Commerce boasted about this and urged more of the same thing.

THE only people who made any protest were those who called themselves "liberals." But their only remedies were weak copies of Northern copies of British liberalism or of Marxist programs, the one out of date, the other reeking with tyrannous promise. The Agrarians rejected both the aggrandizing optimism of the Chambers of Commerce and the sentimental optimism of the liberals. The Agrarians proposed to seek again for fundamentals. They felt a crisis near, and perhaps their views seemed strange because there was in them the urgency of a crisis that others would not admit. Their book was published, so it happened, on almost the very day when Caldwell & Company ("We Bank on the South") failed.

The center of their ideas—if I am capable of stating it—was and is in the opposition on which they insisted: Industrialism *versus* Agrarianism. To their critics, this generally seemed absurd. Let the critics think again. If people are to lead a really human life, and enjoy the liberties to which rational consideration would entitle them, the pattern of their social, economic, and political being must not be grossly antagonistic to the pattern and end of human life itself, as life. Agrarianism, as a basic pursuit, does not set up this antagonism; but industrialism does, and the more so as it becomes an all-ruling thing. Furthermore, the agrarian life will tolerate, and can use fruitfully, a certain amount of industrialism, provided it is recognized as dangerous, and is controlled accordingly. But industrialism, once overwhelmingly preferred, once made the basis of politics and economics and a social order, absolutely and inevitably destroys agrarianism. It has always done so, it will always do so. It is like fire, a useful thing if kept in a stove or fireplace; but set loose, it consumes all it touches. This is not only good Southern doctrine; it is good American doctrine. Indeed, it constitutes one of the great differences between the American Republic, as founded, and the nations of Europe.

There is no other really human basis upon which to build a social order, unless we return—though the Agrarians never suggested or desired this—to some kind of simple pastoral life. But the agrarian life is neither a going back nor a going forward. It has nothing to do with the illusion of progress or decadence, it knows nothing of the straight line. Life is a timeless cycle, not a line, and the agrarian life establishes man within that natural cycle, where he belongs. This is the place to begin to build whatever you may want to build. Those who have argued the contrary are now seeing what it costs to support an industrial order, when it becomes the order of life; when indeed it gives orders, as it must, not only in factory and office, but everywhere. This, in part, is what the Agrarians were talking about.

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"Threefold Cord"

What the North Can Learn from the South

STRUTHERS BURT

IN one respect, at least, I have been lucky; I have lived, actually lived, in many parts of the United States. In several sharply contrasting sections I have been a member of the community, accepted and accepting without self-consciousness, there for factual and legitimate reasons. Slowly and by absorption, then, I have taken my country in. I have inhaled and exhaled it, breathed it in and out, until it has become part of my blood-stream, my fibre. And so, like most people of any intelligence at all who have had a similar opportunity, I have achieved two things.

I have achieved a permanent passion, with, I hope, some degree of that intuition which passion, if it is genuine, should give. And I have achieved a permanent and delighted amazement.

A passion, because if there is one thing of which I am sure it is that no one can really know America, its people, and its byways as well as its highways, without loving it, and this with all due consideration given to vices as well as to virtues, to evil as well as to good, to lack of fulfillment as well as promises; and an amazement because no one can love America intelligently, and therefore be in a mood to react both instinctively and consciously to the picture it presents, without being constantly surprised by the variety and color of that picture and yet its unity. The countless surface differences, picturesque and I hope lasting, and yet the outer and inner cohesion.

For some strange reason the picture composes magnificently and inevitably.

Ecclesiastes says, "A threefold cord is not easily broken," and the threefold cord of common speech, common laws, and above all, of a common ideal, the ideal of freedom and democracy, difficult to define but alive and vigorous, binds together this huge and various country with a tensile strength that seems to grow stronger each time it is tested. It is not alone the vast and colorful variety within unity which makes the study of America so interesting and worthwhile, the variety within unity which gives the country its peculiar elastic vitality, its especial ability to compensate for stress and strain, but it is also the numerous similarities, strains of a like culture and a congenial point of view, often far removed from each other and difficult to explain, that appear side by side with the differences. Why do these similarities appear? The variety is much more easy to account for.

It is easy enough, for instance, to understand why the mountaineers of the South bear a certain resemblance to the mountaineers of Pennsylvania, and New York, and the West, just as it is easy to understand why the fishermen of Gloucester have many traits in common with the fishermen of Florida and the Pacific Coast, but it is not so easy to see why a Vermont or New Hampshire man, despite all manner of surface differences, frequently finds himself more at home with a North Carolinian than a fellow New Englander from Connecticut, nor why Georgia, a state of "the Deep South," resembles Maine more than it does Virginia. These resemblances, or lack of resemblances, are no more easy to understand than why Pennsylvania has always been politically one of the most corrupt states in the Union, exhibiting an almost arrogant satisfaction in its corruption, while its next-door neighbor to the north, New York, fairly similar in most respects, despite long periods of misrule, has invariably struggled toward good government and more often than not obtained it. Pennsylvania politically, although in a far quieter manner, has never been in any way different from those clownish satrapies far to the South, Mississippi and Texas.

—Drawing by Alexander Key

I will leave these researches, interesting as they are, to others, and will confine myself to a similarity about which I know something and with which I have lived; I mean the similarity as a whole between that large section of the country known as the South and that equally large section of the country known as the Far West. That they are similar, I am convinced; in their point of view, in their manners, in their approach to life and its problems.

I HAVE drawn a wide circle, for the South is an immense territory and within itself sufficiently various, and so is the Far West, but there is such a thing as a generic Southerner and such a thing as a generic Far Westerner, and I for one find them fundamentally alike. I can claim some experience, as I say, because for over thirty years now I have been a citizen of, and a ranch owner in, a great Far Western state, Wyoming, and for over twelve years, a persistent winter resident of a great Southern state, North Carolina. In addition, I can claim a background which at least permits an attempt at comparison. I was not always a Far Westerner or a Southern land owner. Far from it. By inheritance and upbringing I am a Philadelphian, a stout if curious tradition, and I am still in close touch with that fascinating if puzzling city. I came, in other words, from the Middle States and until I was twenty one or thereabouts thought those centers of most of our wealth, most of our power, and a considerable amount of our nonsense, the only parts of the country which counted. A conviction still held by the majority of those who continue to live there.

Perhaps, for the sake of clearness, I had best first define what I mean by the Far West. It is more a question of delimitation than inclusion, and one must remember that any section of a country, like a country itself, is more a question of common interests and common ideals, than of actual geography.

The Far West, then, is definitely not the Middle West nor the Pacific Coast. It is that vast part of our country, dominated by the Rocky Mountains, which lies between the Canadian Border and the Rio Grande and between, to the east, a line drawn through the middle of the Dakotas, Nebraska, Kansas, and so on, down through Texas, and, to the west, a similar line that takes in the eastern territories of Washington, Oregon, and California. It comprises such huge

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states as Montana, Idaho, Wyoming, Arizona, with their hair-raising names. In other words, a citizen of Omaha is a Middle Westerner, whereas an inhabitant of the Nebraska Sandhill country is a Far Westerner, and a man from Seattle is a Pacific Coast dweller, whereas a man from Spokane looks toward the Rocky Mountains.

Now in what ways do the inhabitants of this vast territory resemble the inhabitants of that other vast territory, the South, far off to the east, and in what ways are they dissimilar to the inhabitants of the Middle States, the Middle West, and the Pacific Coast? I will leave New England out of the discussion. That is a section by itself. Also, you must realize, of course, there is room only for the most general of statements.

I CAN immediately think of six similarities, underlying and determining, between the Far West and the South. First, a passion for individualism and for the individual, and an intention to judge him as such, and by no other standards. Second, a passion for land. Third, a passion for space. Fourth, an aptitude for and a belief in politics. Fifth, an inherent and adamant belief in democracy and, come good or bad, democratic processes. Sixth, an unshakable notion that in this country, in this America, we have discovered something new, and that it is still new, despite actual age, and that it is better than anything else, and that we can have it, if we have the will to make it and hold it. I can think of those six similarities immediately. And what do they mount up to? Just this, that in the South and in the Far West, the American tradition, "the American idea," has come down in an unbroken line and is still as vigorous and growing as it ever was. You will see, of course, that all the similarities I mention interlock and stem from one source, a belief in the individual and in freedom and human dignity.

I do not wish to be sentimental. I am well aware of the numerous faults of the South and the Far West, some of them extremely black, and of the faults of the Far Westerner and Southerner as individuals. In many ways the South and the Far West are backward as compared to the great Northeastern States. Their people as a whole are less urbane, less worldly, in a good sense, not as well educated, more provincial, more prejudiced, less realistic, less reasonable and logical, and more given to violence, both intellectual and actual. In both the South and the Far West, for reasons too involved to mention here, but in direct contradiction to the underlying love

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The Glory That Was

And the Southern Grandeur That Was Not

HOWARD ODUM

IN his new volume, "The Old South," reviewed in this issue of *The Saturday Review of Literature,* Princeton's Professor Wertenbaker features an explanatory sub-title, "The Founding of American Civilization." By the same token, he emphasizes the necessity of knowing the whole South, and especially its colonial fabric of many peoples on many levels of culture, before we can understand either the Old South or the new with all its hazards and promise.

Yet, vivid reminders of uneven understanding of the South in the nation are abundant. Samplings are reflected in questions recently asked by two young sociologists. These commentators presented two questions.

One, from the vantage point of the University of Chicago nation-wide radio broadcast, asked whether he would be correct in saying that the South is to the nation what the slums are to Chicago.

The other, from the University of Minnesota, wanted to know from a South Carolinian how it feels to live in a primitive land.

Now both of these intelligentsia belong to the younger profession of them that explore the uttermost parts of the world to the end that they may understand and portray the richness and diversity of human cultures everywhere. Apparently, it had not occurred to either of these two teachers of a new generation to visit the South and study its culture as they would visit and study other cultures.

Yet, these two questions must needs be answered in all frankness and reality. Somewhere in the midst of their answers there will no doubt be reflected some of the chief characteristics of the Old South: the great diversity of its regional culture; the wide range and unevenness of its quality; its continuing influence upon the region and the nation; and the universality of its backgrounds and experiences, which comprehended all of the basic elements in the architecture of civilization. For in "the glory that was" the South and "the grandeur that was not," will be found an American epoch which reflects one of the oldest and most dramatic episodes in all of our national history.

The glory that was the South may be said to have been of one pattern, yet of many parts. The grandeur that was not may be likened unto one part, yet of many patterns. Parts and patterns, everywhere reminiscent of a great national and regional struggle, were interwoven in a *fourfold fabric:* the upper levels of the plantation aristocracy; the upper levels of the middle white South; the slave level of black folk; and the lower level of disadvantaged whites.

HOW, then, was the glory that was the South of so many different parts? It was so in states and families; it was so in leaders and literature; it was so in mansions and masters. The Kentucky glory differed from that of Virginia, the Virginia from that of Tennessee, and there was none like that of Charleston. The poetry of Edgar Allan Poe or Sidney Lanier was different from the oratory of John C. Calhoun or Henry Clay. The "statesmanship" of a silver-tongued Benjamin Hill, a fire-eating Robert Toombs, was different from the force and drive of Andrew Johnson or the skill and artistry of Henry Grady. And thus one star differed from another star whether it were Washington, Madison, Patrick Henry, Marshall, the Harrisons, the Lees, and the other Virginians; Graham, Macon, Davie, Benton, Badger of North Carolina; Calhoun, Hayne, Laurens, Legare, Lowndes, Pinckney and the others from South Carolina; or Campbell, Jackson, Polk, White, of Tennessee; Bibb, Breckenridge, Henry

—Drawing by Dent

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Clay, Guyot, Johnson of Kentucky.

Yet with all the great diversity of its leaders and its literature, there appeared a single pattern reflecting the romantic in literature, eloquence in oratory, honor and dignity in public affairs, and gentleness in manners. So, too, in the many parts of the culture of the Big House and its architecture; of the master and mistress of its hospitality; and of the dignity and graciousness of the slaves, there was an unforgettable picture dominating the whole scene.

Even a Walter Hines Page, with his keen criticism of Southern deficiencies, could see the romance and virtue of the Big House in the midst of the groves and the hundreds of surrounding acres, burdened with crops white for the harvesting by black folks, musical in the rendering of old spirituals, cheerful in song and story, polite, gracious, artistic beyond measure.

Rotunda at the University of Virginia at Charlottesville

The organic relation of the planter aristocracy and its symbolism of the Old South is presented by Melville Corbett Ivey in another article in this issue. Yet she points out there, and it must be remembered no less here, that the mosaic of the Old South was made up also and more of nonslaveholders and small slaveholders. This upper middle class represented another great folk level of Southern culture comprising at least three-fourths of the white population.

There was, then, a third level of culture symbolized by the disadvantaged whites. Something of the role of the people who have casually been called the "poor whites" is told in Mildred Mell's paper that follows. Here, again, however, there was and is much diversity and great range of white people in the lower brackets of Southern economy.

AND on the fourth level not the least of all the pictures were of those distinguished characters, the old slaves. These were not merely the sentimental "uncles" and "aunties" and "mammies," but men and women, all, as distinctive characters as ever the South produced. They were able, charming, artistic, proud, so skillful and powerful in adaptation as to defy description, and their passing must always seem a tragedy of lost personalities in exchange for the greater gain of human freedom.

Of "the grandeur that was not" the South, its chief fabric was always interwoven with the slave system and the cotton economy. The road up to "aristocracy" had been a hard and uneven one, with the goal always the plantation level. It was not all grandeur. There were many who maintained that the whole economic and cultural system of the South, although having many admirable features in it and at times approximating great possibilities, was neither well thought out nor well balanced. An unthinking aristocracy, a denial of education to the common folk and to women, an untenable attitude towards the Negro, a culture based on superficial acquaintance with the classics, an over-emphasis upon luxuries and physical life, hard drinking, and duelling were all units in the count against that part of the old Southern civilization.

Some there were who raised questions about the consistency of the old Southern emphasis upon the family and the sanctity of the home. Here, they would urge, in a great society with the family as its central unit, and with the glory of the home the glory of its culture, and with the sanctity of its womanhood the measure of its purity, the culture of the old institutional South set standards in violation of fundamentals of home and family unity.

There was, in the first place, the extra-familial relationship through which the breeding of new generations of slaves was paramount. Women slaves, in violation of the codes of chivalry, were the pawns of selected white and Negro types, reflecting also an utter lack of respect for the personalities of Negroes. Then, in the second place, husbands and wives among the slaves were sold to go into different parts of the country; sons and daughters were taken from family settings and distributed wherever the buyer might decide.

There was, finally, in the organic structure of the Old South, something more that is difficult for the nation to sense, in so far as it set the incidence for much of the region's character. It was a double caste system, the one as inexorable as race and sex; the other a chasm between the aristocracy and the lower whites which was virtually on the way to becoming hereditary.

IT must be clear, therefore, that the South was of many sorts, neither all aristocracy, nor all slums; not all slave, not all free. Variety was also great among its population in the earlier and later stages of growth. There was plenty of romance in the settling of South Carolina from early Charles Town to Charleston, expanding with the varied folk from England, Scotland, Wales, Ireland, Germany, Switzerland, France, West Indies, and then from New England and New York and other parts of the nation. Thus came the glory that was Charleston.

But there was also the great mode of frontier migrations with their hardships, struggle, lacking in the glory of aristocratic heritage. There were "Friends" and German sectarians, crowded out of Pennsylvania and Maryland, moving down to the Piedmont of Virginia and the Carolinas to meet the other streams from Delaware. There were Moravians and Mennonites and Presbyterians to mix with Quakers, Anglicans, Methodists, and Baptists. And there were adventurers and pioneers of the vintages of the frontier.

Thus the Southern States grew, and their composition and tradition were peculiarly national, of such a variety and mixture that later biological and cultural homogeneity reflects remarkable power of physical and cultural environment quickly to develop the regional culture. The South of the twentieth century was still many Souths made up of varying groups. There were remnants and representations of the aristocratic and plantation South. There were the great majority of Southerners composed of middle folk and commonman. There were remnants of the old failures and stragglers and of the extreme fringe of poor whites in everyday places of

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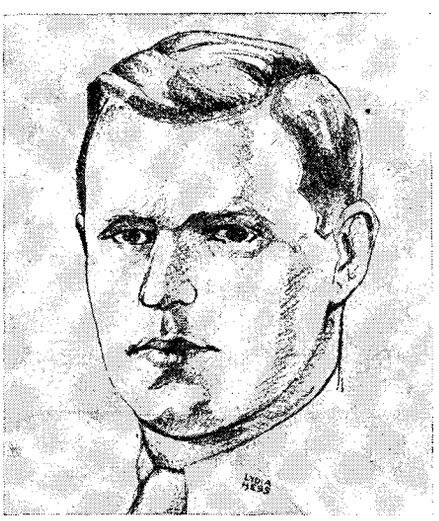
The Novel in the South

"A Taboo Is No Longer a Red Light"

JAMES SOUTHALL WILSON

THE South is by history as well as by natural conditions a region of peculiar individuality. Its history and traditions have been continuous and have deeply influenced its people, so that for all the differences among its several States there is a common inheritance and understanding. Its white people are almost homogeneous and its black people supply romantically an exotic, or realistically a sombre, contrast. Its past has the checkered lights and shadows of pioneering adventure, of aristocratic wealth, of slavery, of tragedy and defeat, of poverty and heroic enduring or sordid adjustment. These contrasts are less spectacular in the Upper South where the contrast is sometimes with the border States or with the invading "Yankee" who comes now not with a carpet-bag but with a bank-roll or a reporter's note book and a novelist's reputation. Whether the background is the blue hills of Virginia or the pine woods of North Carolina, the factory chimneys of Birmingham or the grey-draped trees of Charleston, the influence of these regional colorations seep into the work of the artists, even when they are sprung from other stock and have come to live in the South, as Sherwood Anderson did or James Boyd. It is not negligible as an influence on the artistic spirit of those of Southern parentage born outside the boundaries of their country or who left the South as children and know it through tradition or parental contacts.

James Branch Cabell



Erskine Caldwell

William Faulkner

THESE regional characteristics, intensified by history and tradition, have bound together in a common sympathy and body of prejudices the varied localities, and to a degree the individual people. Even when a man escapes or tries to escape the idols of the tribe he is marked by his Southern heritage, for he is then, by the very conditions of his mind, more conscious of them than ever. He knows himself a rebel and though he may hate the ideas from which he revolts, he has a half-unconscious sense of disloyalty that usually produces an inferiority complex. The bitterness may give a tang to his writing, but it may also poison the man. Paul Green, breaking through the inhibitions of the older tradition and fiercely attacking the conventions of an aristocratic conception of the South, or Thomas Wolfe, driven by mingled passions of hatred and devotion, constructing a novel of the South out of memories that revolt and allure him, is each as much a product of regional conditions, as is Stark Young with his nostalgia for old loyalties or DuBose Heyward whose humane sympathies were grafted on an historic sense of aristocratic inheritances.

The literature of the old South was chiefly in the field of practical or philosophical politics. Novel-writing was not a gentleman's profession. Many writers in the twenties or thirties, for example Beverley and George Tucker, did not print their names to the novels they wrote. The post-war novelists who followed Caruthers's "Knights of the Horseshoe" in creating a Southern Cavalier myth had simply taken up the pen in defense of their country when they laid down the sword. The romantic haze irradiated by John Esten Cooke, Thomas Nelson Page, James Lane Allen, and their kind was to affect the view of life in the Upper South well into the twentieth century.

THREE circumstances have specially qualified the writing of fiction in the South: the familiar taboos, the lack of an intelligent sympathetic buying public, and the lure of a lucrative national demand for sensational revelations. There were inhibitions of sentiment and tribal philosophy from which no younger Southerner could wholly escape. On the other hand, few Southerners bought books until very recently and most novels were published in the North. The creative author is sensitive to his public. Moreover, as long as the South was almost negligible as a market for new books the publisher, who is a businessman, gave major consideration to the taste of other sections of the country, even of books written in or about the South. Naturally such books have often presented the spectacular, the sinister, and the exaggerated rather than those phases of life which would be most sympathetically interpretative of the deeper and richer meanings of the South. (A similar principle has worked with European interest in American fiction.) In the year of Ellen Glasgow's exquisite "The Sheltered Life" the Pulitzer judges chose for their prize T. S. Stribling's melodramatic "The Store." There has been some rather ungodly concocting of spurious stews for the flesh-pots of Gotham.

When James Branch Cabell and Ellen Glasgow began to write, urbane irony dared find amusement in certain Southern habits of mind. Mr. Cabell was reputed to have congratulated himself on living in Richmond because he could write about his next-door neighbor without offending him. Miss Glasgow sugar-coated some of her irony until it passed among her neighbors for sweet romance. Whether it

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has affected the work of writers who were already established or not, the change that has come about in Southern conditions of life and thought, has certainly been a factor in the work of younger novelists:—Clifford Dowdey, Andrew Lytle, Caroline Gordon. A taboo is no longer a red light, instead it is a green light. Even for Southern readers—at least in the Upper South —an author is free to write of the Negro, the past, poor white and aristocrat, even sex, religion, and the Confederacy, in any mood or from any point of view he pleases, and many of his friends will read his books without invoking social ostracism. Some very beautiful novels have had the Negro, the poor-white, or the mountaineer for chief characters. The Negro as the white man's faithful servant gave place to Porgy and Scarlet Sister Mary who dominate the novels in which they occur. Heyward and Julia Peterkin sought to create their characters sympathetically moving among their own black people. Mrs. Elizabeth Wheaton in "Mr. George's Joint" was more realistic. Her Negroes live completely in Negro atmosphere of a commoner order, which she fills with the smell of frying fish and bad whiskey. Fielding Burke in "Call Home the Heart," Robert Penn Warren in "Night Rider" are examples of novelists who have succeeded in making out of the lives of the laborers and mountain people, novels that have beauty and sincerity. But since it was as necessary for young people to shock their parents in the South as elsewhere, it is remarkable that Erskine Caldwell has had so few imitators in the exploitation of the "cracker" type. When "Tobacco Road" and "God's Little Acre" first appeared, equally celebrated critics hailed them, some as showing realistically how industrialism had brought degeneration to the South and others as examples of Gargantuan humor. Perhaps young Southerners are still puzzled and would not know how to imitate them.

THE economic revolution that slowly followed the conquest of the South brought about a social revolution that will change more and more the point of view and tone of the Southern novel. Even when novel writing was not a gentleman's practice it was the gentleman who wrote, anonymously. Then more recently, Page, Johnston, Cabell, Rives, Glasgow: Virginia held those names distinguished before they ever graced a novel. Later Josephine Pinckney, DuBose Heyward, Caroline Gordon kept the social register and the publishers' lists confused in South Carolina and Tennessee. At about the same time, after a generation of reasonably well-taught public school children had passed through college, a new

"Last Look," a painting by Lyle Hatcher Bennett, of West Virginia.

strain began to grow ambitious of literary fame. Among the younger writers every social experience and background are to be found. It would be hard to say which is more important, the liberation of the ideas of the thinkers of the older social tradition or the development of articulate and independent writers from classes of the South which did not have spokesmen in the past — including the educated Negro.

The variety and the contrasts in the human material of the South are almost unlimited. This may explain why the section was active in each period of the regional novel; the period of place novels in the day of John Pendleton Kennedy and William Gilmore Simms, the "local color" era and the present. Just now, the novelists are chiefly exploiting history, regional life, and social-economic problems. The historical novel has always been popular in the ancestor-worshiping South. What marks its revival is the diversity of manners and spirits in which it has been written. "So Red the Rose," "Gone With the Wind," Caroline Gordon's "None Shall Look Back," Clifford Dowdey's "Bugles Blow No More," Phil Scruggs's "Man Cannot Tell" show interpretation poetically of a way of life, narrative drama portraying in realistic detail the clash of issues and people, moving episode in terms of vividly realized characters to express one movement of the past in one locality, and photographic reporting realistically to illustrate a theory of the outcome of historic events. The historical novel can be anything that other kinds of novels can be, and the same versatility has been evident in the regional and sociological novels.

The fecundity of the Upper South in novelists has been conspicuous but the geography of the entire South is fully represented in the recent flowering of the "desert." Virginia was more conspicuous in the early years of the century when the Princess Troubetzkoy, Mary Johnston, James Branch Cabell, and Ellen Glasgow were recognized national favorites. North and South Carolina became the conspicuous states with the emergence of Paul Green, Laurence Stallings, DuBose Heyward, and Julia Peterkin. Later Kentucky, Tennessee, Georgia, the Deep South, and the Southwest have practically made the rollcall complete. If no world figure such as Hawthorne, Melville, or Mark Twain (himself a grandson of Virginia) has been approved, at least there is vitality where such an artist as Miss Glasgow and such a stylist as Mr. Cabell share a regional fame with the lustihood of Erskine Caldwell and the sound and fury of William Faulkner. What a God's plenty— and Devil's plenty too —is here: Cabell and Faulkner, Heyward and Wolfe, Glasgow and Peterkin, Elizabeth Madox Roberts and Isa Glenn, Stark Young and Erskine Caldwell, Roark Bradford and Lyle Saxon, Caroline Gordon and T. S. Stribling, Clifford Dowdey and Phil Scruggs. The names are paired for perversity and paradox but out of such a welter of strangely various talent what new trends and startling figures may come! The South is no longer afraid of its own shadow. It speaks its own mind and it does not talk in the halting language of compromise. That is, its better novelists do not.

Perhaps there is a special significance in the thought that in the midst of the ferment of new ideas and changing conditions the South is still deeply rooted in tradition. The Southerner loves the land. Family ties still hold and it is possible to live graciously in a home filled with the associations of generations whose lives make a remembered social pattern. There has not yet been a generation novel in the South to compare with "The Forsyte Saga." But the exhibit of the two collected editions of Ellen Glasgow's novels is impressive. What other novelist in America has depicted successive generations of one region with such truth, such brilliance of style, such beauty of form? It may well prove that the arrival of so many novelists of unquestioned talent is less important as a promise to the future richness of literature in the South than the survival of a way of life that makes possible a contemplative personal integrity established in a land that is loved.

BUY BONDS AS THOUGH YOUR LIFE DEPENDED ON IT— AND IT DOES.
—Clifton Fadiman

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The Southern Poor White

Myth, Symbol, and Reality of A Nation

MILDRED MELL

NO story of the culture of a region is complete without the inclusion of its portrayals of itself in art forms. This is especially true of the culture of the Old South which was rich in the romantic portraiture of literature. It is increasingly true of the New South, rich in the portraiture of the special groups near the marginal or sub-marginal level. Southern writers have used various art forms in portraying their own region, but they have been circumscribed in choice of material in the past, and to some degree in the present, by the so-called aristocratic tradition.

This tradition, which excludes the sub-marginal except as minor or contributing portraiture, is based upon a type of thinking which eliminates the undesired by ignoring its existence. If all Southerners are aristocrats, the under-privileged do not need to be reckoned with. Southern romantic fiction affirms this tradition; but writers of fiction who refuse to abide by this pleasing analysis of the Southern scene have become numerous, and have brought the old tradition into dispute through their denial of it. Regional novelists and short story writers have produced in the last decade or two a steadily increasing number of attempts at realistic portrayal of those whites which the aristocratic tradition largely leaves out of account. These later writers were preceded by others, scattered over almost a century, who wrote about some of the folk in the South belonging in the lower levels of society. It is among these that the earlier evidence of the existence and the nature of the poor whites are to be found.

There was, for example, Augustus Baldwin Longstreet. In "Georgia Scenes" most of his stories were about the "Crackers," that ungrammatical, fighting, cussing, withal likable element among Georgians; but he gave at least one portrait of a poor white in his description of grotesquely humorous Ransy Sniffle. Here was something different from the "Crackers," not a member of a distinctly marked class, but an individual whose very uncouthness called forth laughter.

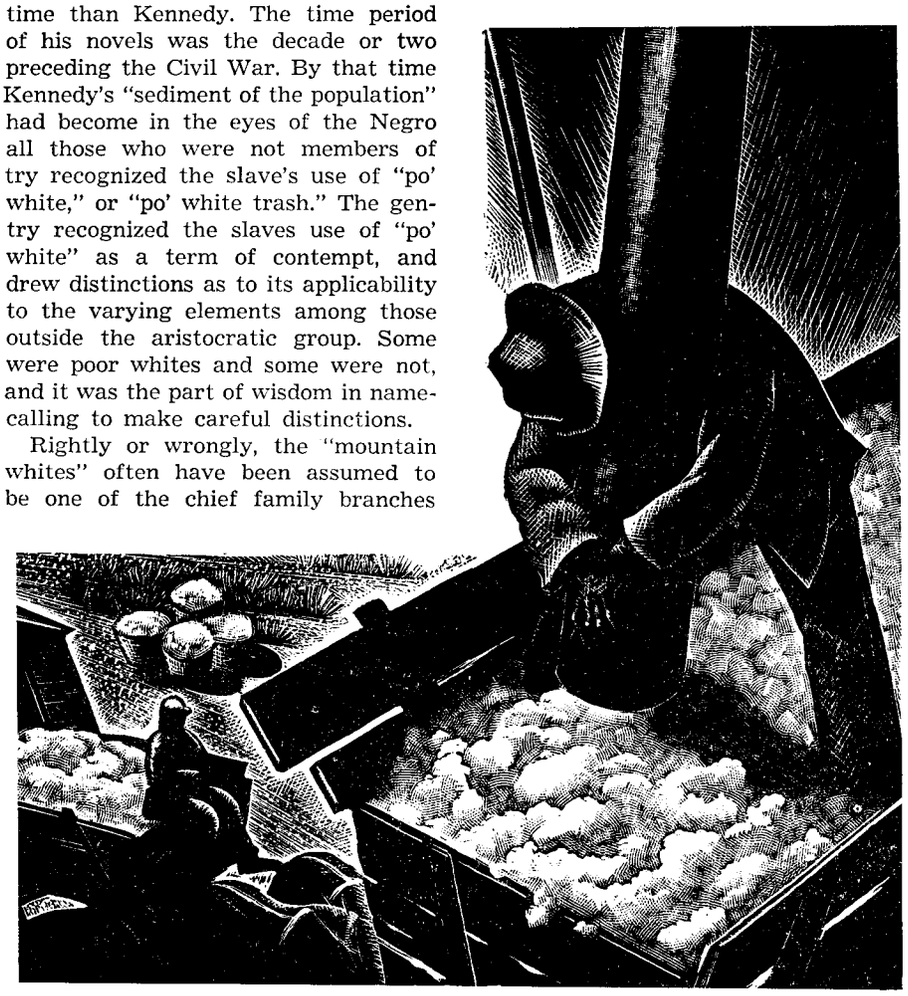
Following this pattern set by Longstreet, other writers such as Johnson J. Hooper, G. W. Harris, and W. T. Thompson, dealt with persons outside the aristocratic group. These were unlearned, awkward, uncouth, rude of manners, and therefore subjects for the broadly humorous joke, for horseplay, or for the incident in which ignorance furnishes the laugh. Again, as among the characters of "Georgia Scenes," there were those who were more ignorant, more uncouth, more unfortunate, poorer than the "Crackers," but these were individuals rather than representatives of a type.

J. P. Kennedy, writing in the early part of the nineteenth century, also took some of his characters from the lower classes. He, like the humorists, made them rough and uncouth, and therefore amusing, particularly to the aristocrats around whom he wove the main thread of his narratives. His laughter provoking "sediment of the population" was not a homogeneous social class, but rather was made up of "characters" in the community.

Thomas Nelson Page wrote at a later time than Kennedy. The time period of his novels was the decade or two preceding the Civil War. By that time Kennedy's "sediment of the population" had become in the eyes of the Negro all those who were not members of try recognized the slave's use of "po' white," or "po' white trash." The gentry recognized the slaves use of "po' white" as a term of contempt, and drew distinctions as to its applicability to the varying elements among those outside the aristocratic group. Some were poor whites and some were not, and it was the part of wisdom in name-calling to make careful distinctions.

Rightly or wrongly, the "mountain whites" often have been assumed to be one of the chief family branches of the poor whites. Toward the last of the nineteenth century Charles Egbert Craddock gave what might be called a realist's romantic picture of the mountain whites of her day. She made them, under awkwardness and rudeness of manner, fine, upstanding people, suffering from a restricted environment. They were neither the humorous figures as the mold had been set by Longstreet, nor the peculiar community "characters" of Kennedy, and their strength in adversity would have protected them from the name-calling of Page's Negroes even in the plantation area.

ANOTHER "branch" of the traditional poor white family was the disadvantaged rural folk of the more easterly Carolinas and the lower South. Walter Hines Page made them a part of the background against which his aristocrats in "The Southerner" played their parts. They were the neglected, untrained, poor country folk "who toiled in slovenly ways and to little purpose." Page saw them as the "pathetic by-products of slavery" which had put a stigma on working with one's hands. The plight of these people presented itself as a social problem and his main characters, drawn as they were in the aristocratic tradition,



—*From the woodcut by Clare Leighton in "Southern Harvest."*

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were motivated by awareness of these poor people and desire to ameliorate their lot.

The current writers are not very concerned with the poor whites as they represent a social problem, but they see them as a definite segment of the population of the South, and use them as material for their stories. Ellen Glasgow, T. S. Stribling, Elizabeth Madox Roberts, Paul Green, DuBose Heyward, Thomas Wolfe, Erskine Caldwell, William Faulkner, Marjorie Rawlings, James Street, all write of those on the lower rungs of the economic ladder—the poor whites, the tenant farmers, the mill workers, or the mountaineers. Some of them have theories of the origin of the groups about which they write, and their stories are told in the light of these theories. Ellen Glasgow, Elizabeth Madox Roberts, and Paul Green picture men struggling with the environment, and the odds in favor of the environment. For example, to Ellen Glasgow the plight of the poor whites is analogous to that of the land which has steadily deteriorated until it has become covered with broomsedge. Elizabeth Madox Roberts tells of a "futile struggle against poverty and ugliness of existence where barren fields yield returns disproportionate with the endeavor expended upon them." Time and again, Paul Green depicts the struggle to get a meager return from the land, a struggle in which nature is always the victor. T. S. Stribling in "Bright Metal" puts into the mouth of an aristocrat, with his better days behind him, an explanation of the origin of the poor whites. He says:

> After the Civil War stopped slavery . . . these po' whites moved down out of their hills and hollows and covered our plantations like the plagues of Egypt; . . . they're the sons of overseers, mule traders, small shopkeepers, who've got hold of the lands the aristocrats once owned. They're the po' whites!

CURRENT writers, however, are better known for their depicting of types of personalities and the social scene as related to these types than for ideas as to the natural history of the poor whites. In this literary portraiture, shiftlessness, laziness, and inertia are constantly recurring characteristics, and these are combined in varying patterns with drabness, purposelessness, and a sort of "mental malaria," as Ellen Glasgow called it. As "Tobacco Road" with its phenomenal run on Broadway publicized the South of the poor whites and the stories of the fiction writers multiplied, there came along at the same time what might be called the rediscovering of the farm tenants by both the North and the South, emphasizing one aspect of the low standards of living and near-

—From the painting by Anna Heyward Taylor
Cypress Swamp

poverty of millions of Southern folk brought into focus by the depression. The writers of fiction telling their stories of these folk have made numbers of persons aware of them who would not have been interested in the statistical tables and careful analyses of the research people. The readers of this fiction who have a conservative turn of mind refuse to believe in the reality of these folk. Those who have lived in the South say they have never seen such people and that therefore they do not exist. On the other hand there are those priding themselves on the open-mind who say that here at last is the South which the glamour of the aristocratic tradition has hidden from view, and that Erskine Caldwell's title, "Southways," has reality not only for that group of stories but also for those of all the group. Other readers, with the sociological turn of mind, see in these literary pictures the reflection of a concept within a regional culture. The concept is one of a group of the white population of the South set apart economically, socially, and perhaps biologically from the rest of the population of the region, with a history dating back into slavery, but persisting into the present. To these the portraiture which has grown out of this concept, because it is colorful and lusty, and because it has been utilized effectively as a literary technique, seems to bear the stamp of reality more vividly and concretely than that which has grown out of the concept of the aristocratic tradition. To these, the concept stands as a literary achievement and as a kind of sociological data which may be tested against other data of the poor whites.

The concept bears close resemblance to the tradition of the poor whites which emerged before the Civil War. This tradition was established by travellers and sojourners of ante-bellum days who went over the main travelled roads of that early period, and saw with the eyes of the more or less casual observer things which they proceeded to dwell upon in their letters, journals, and books of travel. In many instances, the frontiersman pushing forward with rough and ready ways was interpreted by them as having settled down to meagerness of living. They sometimes failed to distinguish between dependable, upstanding civilization-builders and those who represented the waste products of that civilization.

IN those days when travelling was difficult, those who journeyed into little known regions exercised greater influence than the trustworthiness of their observations deserved. So what these visitors had to say about the people they saw was taken to be authentic. In the eighteenth century, there were the Marquis de Chastellux, Johann David Schoepf, J. F. D. Smith, W. Winterbothem, and C. W. Jansone. In the early part of the nineteenth century, there were J. K. Paulding, Henry Ker, D. B. Warden, Basil Hall, and James Stuart. Coming a little later and better known to fame were Fanny Kemble, Richard Hildreth, Harriet Martineau, F. L. Olmsted, Charles Lyell, and James Stirling. In their visits to the South they covered a period from about 1780 to the Civil War. From their accounts of what they saw, the so-called tradition of the poor whites was shaped in terms of a rather large group on the lowest level of the white population from the standpoint of economic and social gradations, a group peculiar to the South, and identified by certain physical characteristics, habits, attitudes, folkways, and mores, as well as by a certain standard of living. All of these characteristics were to some degree to be taken for granted as signs of inferiority which perhaps might be biological.

Readers with a sociological turn of mind could not but catch the implications in the tradition and in the literary portraiture which might be interpreted to mean that all poor people of the South are "poor whites." The depression with its studies of low standard of living groups, and the development of regionalism with impetus given to inventories of regional resources, have given substance to discussion and speculation as to the kind of people composing the population of the South. The question has been whether they as resources are assets or liabilities. The implications in the tradition and in the literary portraiture are that from the Old South with its white population divided into three

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distinct classes—planters, yeoman farmers, and poor whites—there has come down to the present South a heritage of undesirables, quite numerous and giving little promise for the future, and forming a sort of biologically inferior caste in Southern society.

IN an effort to evaluate this, the data from the travellers and sojourners and from the writers of fiction cannot be taken as conclusive. They must be checked by the use of all other possible data so as to sift the chaff from the wheat. If, like the planters and some of the yeoman farmers, the poor whites had been articulate and had left records of themselves, the task would be easier, but there is enough evidence available to put together a fairly complete and accurate account of these people who had no one of their number to speak for them.

From the data, the group can be seen to have developed slowly as a by-product of the whole "frontier process." As the frontier was pushed out by the oncoming plantation, there remained those who found it impossible to compete either by moving on to a new frontier, or by maintaining a small holding within the plantation area. These clung to the infertile land not usable by the planters and squatted upon lands worn out and abandoned after years of one crop cultivation. In the economy of the ante-bellum South centering around the plantation system, the division of labor provided places for the planters, the yeoman farmers, and the Negro slaves, but not for these by-products of the "frontier process." They lived by individual, primitive economic activities outside the socially organized economic life. As their number increased, they were a group on the "outside," classified accordingly by those "inside."

With the disintegration of the plantation-slave economy, the poor whites were no longer theoretically "outside." There was, at least in theory, a place for them in the new division of labor. Slowly but surely they did enter the new economy as tenant farmers and mill operatives. As they have been absorbed into the free-labor economy of the present day South, the poor whites, the "outside" group in the slave economy, are disappearing, perhaps have disappeared. In the new economy, new groups which face the problem of inadequate standards of living are appearing or have appeared. There are, for example, the sharecroppers, the migrant laborers, and the workers in the small textile mills. It may be that such groups are becoming as well defined as the poor whites were, and that the literary portraiture in the tradition of the poor whites depicts them with some accuracy.

The Planter Class

Symbol of the Old South Aristocracy

MELVILLE CORBETT IVEY

THE ante-bellum period of the Old South was best reflected in the plantation system, both in the grandeur of its cultural achievement and in the pathos of its folk-error. In particular, that standard and mode of life that came to be characteristic of the planter aristocracy or planter class were both symbol and reality of cultural achievement throughout that era.

It should be remembered, however, that only in a relatively few of the older and more settled communities in the ante-bellum South did the plantation system overcome the frontier and develop into a society capable of supporting such a way of life as the one about which the literary artist delights to weave tales of magnolia and moonlight. Indeed the history of the early South must be described as a period in which one economic and cultural area supplanted another in regional importance and men of one level of life encroached upon the position of men of higher status and competed for more dominant social roles. Yet in every community of the Old South, in every time level of regional growth, there was an upper planter class or aristocracy, and one may be certain that for all other economic and cultural groups they represented the standard used for measuring achievement in the competitive agrarian society.

—Woodcut by Clare Leighton, from "Southern Harvest."
Corn Shucking

It was in the Tobacco World of the Upper Old South and in the South Carolina and Georgia Low Country that the earliest dominant economic and cultural areas of the region were to be found. The splendor of the new Tobacco Empire was to be found chiefly on the large plantation holdings of the aristocracy along the York, the James, the Rappahannock, and the Potomac Rivers as well as on the lands of the eastern hill counties of Virginia and Maryland. On the other hand, the Low Country plantation area extended between Charleston and the Savannah River where arose a distinctive aristocracy built on wealth derived from the cultivation of rice, indigo, and sea island cotton. Yet in both instances most of the earliest planter aristocracy had little Cavalier origins or background, but reflected largely the product of wealth amassed during the first eighty or ninety years of frontier development.

WITH original land grants large, sometimes exceeding fifty or sixty thousand acres of fertile soil, certain families naturally had an advantageous start in the race for wealth and status in the New World. With such bounty the Fitzhugh clan could spring from the grandson of a malster, the Byrd clan from the son of a London goldsmith, and the Bland family from a member of a skinner's guild. The golden era of the Chesapeake aristocracy has been set by several historians as having been reached around 1750-1775. For the Low Country the peak of excellence came later and lasted well into 1797. In each area these were the years in which some of the largest mansions were built and the enjoyment of luxuries and display of fashion were at their height.

The mode of life of the early planter aristocracy in both the Tobacco World and the Low Country has been described as being much the same as, or in imitation of that of, the aristocracy of eighteenth-century England. There are, however, many evidences of subregional differences in both material and non-material culture of the early aristocracy. There were differences in the nature and frequency of contact with England and the continent; in the size of slave holdings and land holdings; in the treatment of

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slaves; in the degree of urbanity; and in the modes of dress, diet, housing, and leisure time activities. But in both areas the inbreeding of aristocratic families made communities into familiar spheres of influence. With the early laws of primogeniture and entail and with families of unusually large size, the numerous sons of the family flocked into the professions of law and politics. There was an appreciated need of trained public leaders on the part of the lower classes in the society and the upper planter classes educated their sons at Eton, Oxford, Cambridge, and the Temple in order to meet the responsibilities of service. The wealthy planters were the vestrymen in the Episcopal Church, and, through the vestry board on which son succeeded father, they had great influence. For the most part, the aristocracy controlled the collection of taxes, the care of the poor, and the laying out of necessary roads and other public works.

—From the drawing by Alexander Key

THE Post-Revolutionary War period, however, ended any stabilized security of status and flow of income which the early planter aristocracy may have possessed. Among the changes that threatened the very way of life of many of the older families of the aristocracy were the wasteful exploitation of old lands, the loss of markets, the opening of new lands, the introduction of important new agricultural staples, the invention of the cotton gin, the perfection of new processing techniques in the manufacture of sugar, the increased feeling of nationalism, and the advance of Jeffersonian principles. Although some of the older areas managed to hold their own by making the most of family reputation and vested controls and by establishing absentee holdings in more prosperous areas, it has been recorded that many of the gentry probably wished,as did John Randolph, that they could "run away from the plantation to escape the humiliation of bankruptcy."

Perhaps more "American" was the development of a later level of planter aristocracy. As sugar culture developed in Louisiana and cotton culture spread into the Piedmont hill country and down onto the prairies of Alabama and Mississippi in the Lower South, new planter groups were often categorized as despised *nouveaux riches,* but they were too numerous and wealthy to be ignored. In this late period of development in the Old South the planter aristocracy took on a more heterogeneous structure and background as it was successively removed from the European mold of social type.

Included in this mode of "aristocracy" were not only families that had large holdings of land and slaves, but also those upper class groups whose livelihood and way of life were immediately concerned with the conduct of the plantation economy. Such folk groups were the wealthy urban "factors," rich merchants, and professional groups such as the lawyer, the doctor, the politician, and the editor. In order to understand the transitional stages and the different levels of plantation economy, it is important to note that slaveholders constituted a little more than a third of the total free populations in 1790, and by 1860 they made up only a little more than a fourth of the citizen class.

So, too, it is necessary to understand the total fabric of the old Southern culture in order to sense the full significance of the upper brackets. First, in the ever-increasing upper middle class of the Old South were such folk groups as merchants of considerable wealth, planters with middle-sized holdings of lands and slaves, commercial farmers, and professional groups of various lesser status. They had risen rapidly in the economic world and followed the trend which demanded social standing as gentry. In the lower ranks of the middle class were to be found the yeoman or small farmer who owned few if any slaves, the white artisan who worked in town, and the economically and socially independent highlander. At the bottom of the social scale were the "poor whites," an indefinite number and kind of poverty-stricken folk who enjoyed little or no economic status. In the eyes of the planter aristocracy the caste lines might as well have been drawn with the poor white as with the free Negro, for intermarriage of the gentry with a member of the lower white class brought forth severest social condemnation. As one authoress well put it, it was as if the disgrace of an aristocratic woman reduced to driving or riding a mule or marrying an overseer was about the same in each instance.

Although variations in the mode of life of the new aristocracy of the Upper and Lower South were numerous, the characteristics which were common have proved to be easier to catalogue and seem to be more significant in defining the planter aristocracy as a symbol of Southern society before the War between the States. Until recently there has been more emphasis upon the symbol than upon the reality of the level of life and its conditioning of community cultural patterns.

WHERE definition has been given for the planter aristocracy as a folk group, it is in terms of its economic role that it has best been described. In the economic system the planter aristocrat was in symbol the captain of capitalistic industry as it was applied to agricultural production. Even if he relied upon an overseer or steward, the planter was in the end responsible for the successful yield of land and slaves in which rested his sole wealth and capital. Financial loss meant more than a threat to his economic security, for his economic pursuits were more than a means of supporting life; it was the way of life itself. Within the outline of the economic role of the large planter was the essential of social as well as economic supervision or management of the Negro slave folk. In this relationship the planter sometimes earned for himself the title of "benefactor" and "instrument of civilization for the black tribal Africans," or again in other eyes he might bring down such stinging accusations as "tyrant" or "knight of the whip and lash." But be that as it may, aristocratic status became more and more closely related to the size of the slaveholding, though in most communities there were other prerequisites in the definition of the gentry.

In their belief in the agrarian economy, the gentry stood in direct opposition to any change in the *status quo,* particularly if such a change encour-

(*Continued on page* 33)

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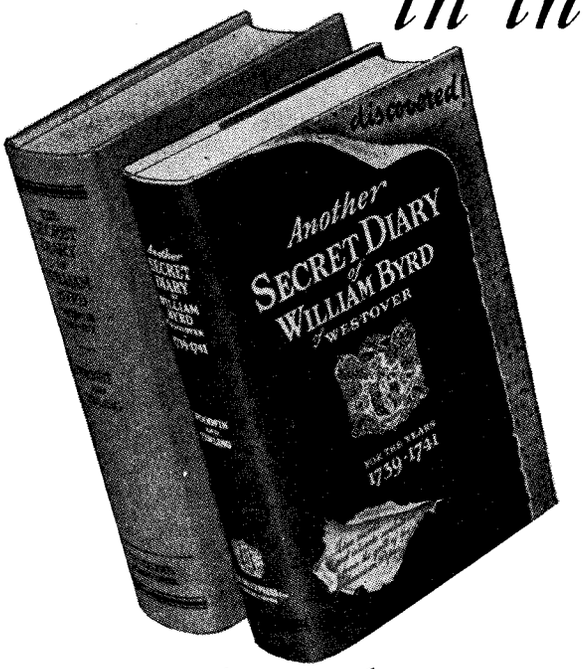

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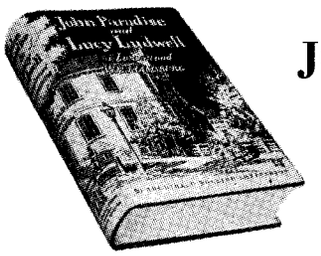

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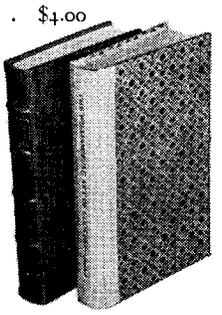

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An Approach to Virginia

VIRGINIA IS A STATE OF MIND. By Virginia Moore. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company. 1942. 332 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by VIRGINIUS DABNEY

WE Virginians modestly admit our superiority to citizens of all other American states, just as any Southerner will readily concede that he can handle a Northerner without half trying, whether it be inside the squared circle, at the brass rail, or with derringers at ten paces. The only other Southerners who are equally adept with us at looking down their noses at outsiders are the South Carolinians, who, in fact, have been known to look down theirs at Virginians. It will be seen, therefore, that an encounter between a Charlestonian and a Richmonder suffers not at all by comparison with the proverbial and justly-famed *rencontre* between Greek and Greek.

There is also that little matter of Virginia's relationship to North Carolina. In other days, denizens of Tarheelia were more restrained in their behavior, which led me to remark to my friend, Jonathan Daniels, not long ago: "You North Carolinians used to know your place better than you do now." Perhaps one of the best reasons for the change is that for some twenty years, we Virginians have been trying not to slide gradually into that "valley of humiliation" which, we naively imagined, had been reserved exclusively for our neighbors to the South. First we were startled at finding ourselves taunted in the middle 1920's with the fact that North Carolina was building her highway system much more rapidly than we. Then almost simultaneously the University of North Carolina entered a *risorgimento* which has lasted until the present day, and little Trinity College nearby was left some $40,000,000 by James B. Duke, on condition that it change its name to Duke University. I do not pretend to speak for South Carolina, the other "mountain of conceit" flanking the "valley of humiliation" in the ancient and apocryphal saying, but certainly these two states are being put on their mettle by the progress, both material and spiritual, which North Carolina has exhibited in the past two decades.

It is noteworthy, however, that such matters are largely outside the field of interest of Miss Virginia Moore, in her lately published book, "Virginia is a State of Mind." The commonwealth which she examines is primarily the Virginia of history and legend. Miss Moore does not treat of the state as it is today, except in certain limited spheres. She is concerned, for example, with contemporary Virginia batter-bread, and Virginia literature, Virginia watermelon and Virginia sunsets, but not at all with the state's industry, agriculture, economics, or politics. She is fully conscious of Jamestown and Williamsburg, of George Washington and Patrick Henry, but such mundane matters as the rise of industrialism, the Negro problem, the poll tax, and the price of tobacco, are not within her ken.

However, Miss Moore obviously did not set out to write a sociological treatise. Her avowed purpose was to discover and to adumbrate the "quintessence of Virginia." She felt that this could best be done by considering the Old Dominion under five general headings: "Her Body," "Her Mind," "Her Suffering," "Her Appetite," and "Her Literature."

It is indicative of Miss Moore's approach that the author from whom she quotes most frequently in this volume is George William Bagby, who died in 1883. Bagby wrote perceptively and humorously of the antebellum and postbellum Virginians, and his writings are enjoying something of a vogue in the state at this time, but the fact that he is her most-cited source concerning the foibles, characteristics, and attitudes of Virginians is not without significance. Many of the things which Bagby said about Virginians and their *mores* sixty or seventy years ago, are as true today as they were then, but the fact remains that important aspects of latter-day Virginia civilization necessarily are not touched upon in his writings.

It is questionable, moreover, whether the "quintessence of Virginia" can be pinned to paper without a rather careful and thorough scrutiny of the state as it is in this fifth decade of the twentieth century. There is more to the Old Dominion in this year of our Lord than blackeyed peas and cider, trumpet vines and mockingbirds, plus a quick glance at Ellen Glasgow and James Branch Cabell. Miss Moore's remarkable, and largely unsupported, declaration that "no state in the Union could challenge Virginia's supremacy in higher education," does little to remedy these deficiencies. If her concern with the contemporary scene is somewhat broader than I have indicated, whole areas of interest are not touched by her at all.

North Entrance of the Capitol at Richmond

However, "Virginia Is a State of Mind" captures the spirit of seventeenth, eighteenth, and nineteenth century Virginia in adequate fashion. Miss Moore has put together material of considerable variety and piquancy, and has gathered numerous lively anecdotes and pungent quotations, with the result that much of the atmosphere of old Virginia emerges. If the greater part of this material is familiar to informed citizens of the state, it is considerably less so outside Virginia's borders, and it is to be found nowhere else within the pages of a single volume.

Most of Miss Moore's writing is good, but some of it is bad. Her judgments concerning persons and places are provocative. For instance, she has a kind word to say for that pious old fraud, "Parson" Weems, who wrote the "life" of Washington, and embalmed therein for posterity the cherry tree yarn, with its immortal "I cannot tell a lie, Pa." She doubts if Weems invented this story, and considers the lingo which the parson attributes to Augustine Washington, George's father, "not un-Virginian." It will be remembered that George's "I cannot tell a lie, Pa," brought the following pearl from his pater: "Run to my arms! Glad am I, George, that you killed my tree, for you have paid me for it a thousandfold! Such an act of heroism in my son is worth more than a thousand trees of silver, with fruits of purest gold!" All I can say is, if that stilted piece of fustian is "not un-Virginian," then I'm going to tell everybody hereafter that I'm from Kansas.

Then there is Miss Moore's startling pronouncement that "the only real city in Virginia, Norfolk, is unavoidably so by reason of its fine harbor." The Norfolk Chamber of Commerce ought to appreciate this judgment, but when did the possession of a good harbor become the determining factor in such matters? By the same token, Marseilles is more important than Paris, Southampton more significant among municipalities than London. It is a novel concept, to say the least.

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Miss Moore presents a quantity of Virginia lore in her book, most of it accurate, but she trespasses, at times, upon the historical verities. She accepts the familiar story of how Pocahontas saved Captain John Smith, although there is much uncertainty as to its authenticity. She declares that the father of George Mason, author of the Virginia Bill of Rights, fought in the army of Charles I. This first George Mason to come to Virginia was the great-grandfather, not the father, of George Mason of Gunston Hall. Four errors having to do with the Civil War were noted: (1) It is stated that "Stonewall" Jackson often raised his arm in prayer on the battlefield, but this is not accepted by historians. At First Manassas Jackson was wounded in the hand, and held the injured member up to stop the bleeding. When he raised it aloft on other fields, he is believed to have done so because of a delusion that this was necessary to exercise the limb. (2) The Bloody Angle is placed at Gettysburg, when it should have been put at Spotsylvania. (3) The McLeans, in whose home the terms of surrender were drafted at Appomattox, moved there from Manassas, to get away from the fighting, not from Gettysburg. (4) The Virginian who fired the first shot against Fort Sumter was Edmund Ruffin, not Edmund Rufus. And finally, the celebrated teacher of law at the University of Virginia, John B. Minor, was known as "John B. Minor" or "old John B."—seldom, if ever, as "old John Minor," although Miss Moore says he is "always" called that in Virginia.

The only other major quarrel I have with Miss Moore is for her statement that Virginians are "raised on grits," and that they have it for breakfast and also for lunch. As a native of Miss Moore's County of Albemarle, I can testify that this is a grievous slander. Let her go to South Carolina or Georgia, and try to avoid having grits thrown at her in restaurants almost daily, along with pork, "turnip greens," and collards, but let her be more careful hereafter as to her dicta in the field of Virginia dietetics. I am surprised, too, that her book contains no apostrophe to the old Virginia mint julep. This is so startling an omission that it may even be seized upon by Kentuckians as evidence that their brummagem claims to primacy in the creation of the julep are justified.

What Is "Good Publishing"?

Five judges have been asked by *Publishers' Weekly* to give opinion on "What is good publishing," based on the American book publishing history of 1942. The judges who consented to serve this year were Carl Carmer, Amy Loveman, Nicholas Wreden, Franklin F. Hopper, and Lewis Gannett.

Byrd's Later Revelations

ANOTHER SECRET DIARY OF WILLIAM BYRD OF WESTOVER, 1739-1741 *With Letters & Literary Exercises* 1696-1726. *Edited by Maude H. Woodfin. Translated and Collated by Marion Tinling. Richmond: The Dietz Press, Inc.* 1942. *xlv plus* 490 *pp.* $5.

Reviewed by Howard Mumford Jones

LAST in chronological order of three secret diaries, and second to be published, the present volume continues in Byrd's later years the revelations of domestic life on a Virginia plantation offered in "The Secret Diary of William Byrd of Westover, 1709-1712" (1942), decoded by Miss Tinling and edited by Louis B. Wright of the Huntington Library. In addition to Byrd's diary from 1739-1741, this book contains a curious set of more than fifty letters to various English worthies in high life, a dozen "characters," including a literary self-portrait entitled "Inamorato L'Oiseaux" (*sic!*), several "poems," "A Discourse Concerning the Plague," first printed in London in 1721, a humorous essay, "The Female Creed," and various other oddments. Prudence or prudery seems to be responsible for the continuing suppression of the diary from 1717 to 1721, now in the possession of the Virginia Historical Society and valuable as throwing light on Byrd's life as a gay dog and fortune-hunting widower in London.

So far as the diary of 1739-1741 is concerned, the Black Swan has settled down to the peace of his later marriage and the comforts of middle age. What he eats and its effect upon his bowels, the state of the weather and the time he rises, the question whether or not he devoted an early morning hour to Hebrew and Greek, and the mild diurnal interests of the plantation occupy most of his attention. He still dances, and he occasionally has an "amourette," but on the whole the new diary mirrors the jog-trot occupations of a man who, if he was not old by modern standards, was beginning to feel that he was elderly.

The material is humanly interesting (that is, if taken in small doses) and is valuable to the historian of Virginia life, but as entertainment it is monotonous.

The "letters and literary exercises" are, however, important material of another sort. This is material from the age of Swift; and in these character sketches, these malicious letters and derisive compliments, these scatalogical humors and elaborate witticisms we are brought close to the age of Anne.

In the great division between Swift and Addison regarding literary propriety, Byrd served under the banner of the sardonic dean. He is as capable of inquiring the effect upon "Lady C——'s" hydraulic system of a couple of love letters as he is of picturing the Muses as "9 strumpets more than ordinary" in the train of an army. A remarkable essay addressed "To Facetia in the Bath" opens with a fanfare upon smells and continues by remarking that "you know tis allow'd to use liberty of speech upon the water, and if one may be free with any body dresst upon that Element, for a better reason one may be frank with those that are stark naked in it." Jokes of a bawdier nature adorn the essay on "The Female Creed." In short, it is impossible after reading Byrd to think of Swift as peculiar or insane, just as it is impossible longer to accept as accurate the romantic picture of Virginia life with which novelists like May Johnston once satisfied readers.

The editorial matter is full—overfull, if anything, since much of the material offered in the labored footnotes and the weighty introduction is without interest except to those who go in for Virginia genealogies. Dr. Woodfin has done her best, but she has not mastered the art of lucid prose. The following remarkable sentence appears on p. xiv:

> They had also seen the opportunities in the Indians' developing desires for European chattels and goods and had helped to push along the white man's penetration of the forests as they trekked inland for this Indian market for English wares paid for in the skins of beaver and otter and bear and other animals whose habitats on the inland streams of the upper reaches of Virginia are mutely suggested to the modern motorist as he speeds on the highway over Otter Creek or Wolf Creek or Beaver Creek or Bear Creek.

More art and less matter would have improved the editorial introduction.

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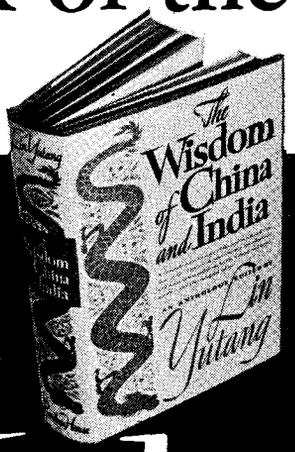

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Magic with Woodcuts

SOUTHERN HARVEST. By Clare Leighton. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1942. 157 *pp.* $3.50.

Reviewed by BASIL DAVENPORT

CLARE LEIGHTON is an Englishwoman who is well known for the beautiful woodcuts which she has produced as illustrations to the books of others and of her own writings about the English countryside. The present volume, she says in her preface, is her attempt to push her roots "into their new earth of this American continent"; and she adds a publisher's prophecy that her first book would be written "out of her initial excitement." She has gone up and down, chiefly in North Carolina and the Delta country, and in woodblock and type has set down what she feels of the land and the people. The woodblocks are, as always, magnificent, with a design imposed upon the reality that never makes them less faithful to it. In the text, the excitement is sometimes too apparent. Miss Leighton has a genuine mysticism of the soil, and the great, fertile country, the terrifying forces which nature sometimes unleashes, and, one must add, the backward ways, so wrought upon her that her writing is sometimes robbed of all restraint.

Near the beginning of the book she speaks of an old water-mill in England, of which she says: "The miller and his twelve sons tried in vain to escape from the thraldom of their mill . . . Out to the cities would spread the twelve sons, out to far countries and new hemispheres. But the old mill would get them in the end, and like spellbound creatures they would drift back." That irrational compulsion, hardly comprehensible to most foot-loose Americans, appeals to something very deep in Miss Leighton, so deep that she hardly knows, it seems, whether she thinks of it as white or black magic. Her feeling for it is so deep that it draws her inevitably to the most backward parts of the South, and it leads her, also, to pile up sentences and similes and pathetic fallacies in her attempt to make us feel as she does the ambivalent tie between the people and the soil, the grinding labor and the rewards of the harvest. And Southerners may sometimes feel that Miss Leighton takes a pleasure in the backwardness of the people, in the ignorance and superstition that leave them open to the same compulsions as her Wiltshire miller and his sons.

And yet, such is the reality of her emotion when it is left to speak for itself, and such is the magic of art, that one feels this only of the purpler passages, only where Miss Leighton is trying too hard to tell us what we ought to feel. When she puts down only what she feels herself, then we do indeed perceive the hog-butchering and the corn-husking as part of the world-wide, world-old harvest-home, an old ritual in a new shape. And when she is content to set down the story she has heard from a blind colored preacher, when she lets her simple people speak for themselves, then one remembers that the Age of Faith would have called them "silly folk," and would have meant not only "simple" but "blessed."

—*From the book*

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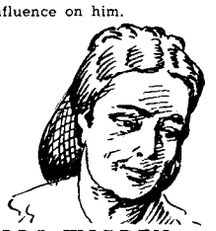
DENNIS WARDEN was forced to concede the South had been defeated at war—but war could never alter the rights and privileges to which he had been born. No! not even if he had to go out and fight all over again.

DOLLY knew about such rights and privileges only through hearsay, but she wanted them just as fiercely as Dennis. And she could offer him the thing his body needed most.

SHARON should have married Dennis. Theirs was a common background, a common tradition. And the war had given her a realistic approach to life which would have been a stabilizing influence on him.



SARA WARDEN was a woman of acumen and intelligence—two things a lady was not supposed to have. It was she who kept Brook Haven from ruin during the four long years of war. Without her Dennis would be irretrievably lost.

JOHN JERNIGAN who was to love Sara all his life, had not gone to war because he was a cripple. He knew how and why the war was lost – and how the peace might be lost as well. Had the South numbered more of his kind, Reconstruction might have been a different story.

When a man turns home from war, can he ever find his way back to the world he knew?

TURNING INTO HIS TREE-LINED DRIVE, Dennis felt that the fever which had dogged his steps home from Appomattox must be upon him again. There at the end of the vista stood Brook Haven, whole and unscarred—and silhouetted against the clean white of the verandah was a familiar black figure polishing brass! It was just as he remembered it when he rode away the week after his father fell at Manassas. There were the boxwoods, the neat gardens—and Sherman had come this way! It must be an illusion. And in every respect except the physical one—it was!

For the world to which Dennis returned was alien to his whole upbringing and tradition. He had not expected the new life to be easy, he was fully aware of the sorry condition of his war-torn country, he knew that rebuilding it would be a long, heartbreaking process. But the fact to which he could not reconcile himself was that so few wanted to rebuild the stately old way of life the war had destroyed—the strange, half-understood forces at work wanted to scrap the old pattern and build completely anew. It was unthinkable.

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—Amy Loveman in the *Book-of-the-Month Club News*

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Beyond Surrender

By MARIAN SIMS

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TRADE Winds

NO OLD SOUTH ISSUE of *SRL* would be complete without a nod of recognition for the booksellers who have made that territory glowingly alive to current and enduring literature. Trade Winds respectfully doffs its chapeau to C. C. Wells of the New Dominion Book Shop in Charlottesville, Miss Peggy O'Neill of Miller and Rhoads in Richmond, Virginia Latimer of Virginia's Bookshop in Charlotte, Mrs. Elsie Stokes of Stokes and Stokell in Nashville, and W. K. Stewart in Louisville. People like these have revitalized the book business, and done their full share to eliminate trash from the best seller lists. . . . We are sure there are as many more first-rate book people in the South that we have neglected to mention, but the oversight is unintentional. We never sold books south of Washington. Our favorite territory was Vassar, Smith, and Wellesley, with an extra evening in Cambridge for Winkie Simmons of Dunster House. Ah me, as Supreme Court Justice Holmes once remarked, if only we could be eighty again! . . . .

ANOTHER FAVORITE PORT of call for us in the good old days was Snellenburg's in Philadelphia, presided over by the acutely articulate Eddie Schlamm. To the best of our knowledge, Snellenburg's is the only department store in the country where the book section is adjacent to delicatessens, an arrangement that enabled Eddie to orate with equal authority on knackwursts and Marcel Proust. He emerged from retirement long enough last week to tell us about the determined London bookseller who trundled down Charing Cross Road despite the warning blasts of an air raid alert, and a red-faced bobby's command that he seek shelter. "My radio is installed in the bookshop, my dear fellow," he explained, "and alert or no alert, I've simply got to get there to tune in on the eight o'clock news." He had his way. A few moments later the Nazi bombers were over the city, giving it what for. When the raid was over, a taxi driver who had overheard the argument said to the bobby, "I wonder if that there bloke heard his eight o'clock news?" "'Eard it?" echoed the bobby. "'E *was* it!" . . .

WE ARE INDEBTED TO Murdock Pemberton for the following interesting anecdotes about Heywood Broun:

Dear Bennett Cerf: Your memories of Heywood Broun will doubtless bring a flood of reminiscences, but there is a great deal that the writer alone knows about him.

I claim one great distinction: I was the "master" to Heywood Broun, the artist. It came about simply. As a Sunday painter I had caused some havoc on Hunting Ridge Road. Dubious neighbors, who saw me at work in the stony fields of Connecticut trying to sketch a cow or tree, would snort and move away. They held to the common belief of laymen (which I once held) that only an artist was entitled to paint. And that art somehow sprung full blown from the brow. But as time and I went on, the art shops of Stamford became denuded of their skimpy painters' wares. Finally it was too much for Heywood.

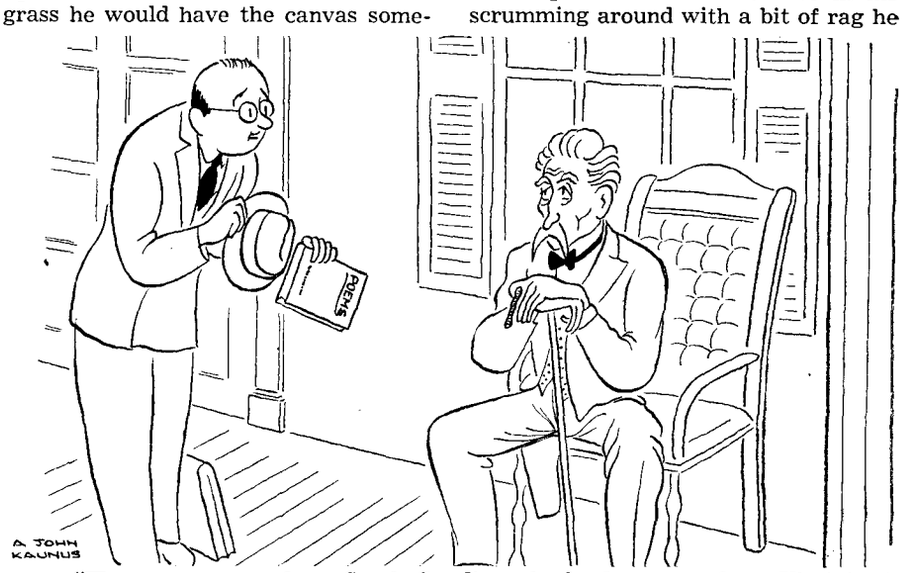
"I guess I can do it if you can," he muttered one day, echoing the common sentiment of the Ridge.

His birthday was six months off so I found some other occasion and bought him a set of paints and brushes, and lent him a few canvas boards. He could have obtained any of these things without any more trouble than telling Earl or Matty to buy them at a store. But that would have committed him to the overt act—a decision that he judged himself worthy to paint. This way, it could all be charged up to fate or a minor breach in taste of a friend.

Heywood brought me his first picture, a sketch of a tree trunk. From then on he deserted naturalism and went off on a search of his own. It took him almost as long to paint one of his pictures as it did for him to write his column—forty-five minutes. Sprawled out on his stomach on the grass he would have the canvas somewhere in front of his nose, the tubes of paint scattered around him and the brushes, if any were available, within reach on the grass. When the search for brushes became too arduous, or they were too stiff from previous exploits, he would use his thumb or a bit torn off his pajama top. (Someone had once sent him several dozen pajama tops and he preferred them to shirts in the country.)

THE BRUSH THING soon became a problem. I had some fine brushes I had brought from Paris and was loath to see them scattered to the Connecticut winds and storms. When supplying him with brushes began to hurt I found a fine little gadget known as a brush washer. It seemed Heywood-proof. All you had to do was to put the brushes in the little rack, pour turpentine or gasoline over them, swish them about a bit, and let them drain through the holes in the bottom of the rack. But Heywood wasn't impressed. Matty soon took over the brush cleaner for straining the seeds out of lemons and oranges, and Earl put brushes on his shopping list along with groceries, golf balls, and other items needed for existence.

If I were in the vicinity when he had finished a painting, he would always bring it down the road for me to see. I have always felt that he valued my judgment on his work and realized that I knew what he was after. Painting to him was, as it was to me, just one more way of trying to say something he could say no other way. And he was the most articulate of men. When he showed his things to friends he assumed a sort of mocking defensive mechanism, knowing the best he could hope for would be a wisecrack. But always he was hoping that someday he would find someone else who thought he was in earnest and was a painter. And sometimes in his scrumming around with a bit of rag he



"The paper comes from South Carolina, the leather cover from Virginia, it was printed in Maryland but unfortunately it was written by Longfellow."

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"Miss Nancy done started her novel at de same time as Miss Mitchell started 'G.W.T.W.'; only Miss Mitchell knew when to quit!"

achieved a bit of sky that Turner or Constable might have envied.

Now and then Heywood would decide that he was ready to try a figure. An itinerant painter, living with us one summer, once brought up a model for the week-end. Like all good models she wanted to go to work. So we let her stretch out on a grassy knoll and we sat around and brushed away. When the session was over I looked at Heywood's canvas. It was as bare as the model. I asked him why he hadn't tried his hand at figure painting.

"I was watching the ants crawl over her," he said. "They certainly take art in their stride."

But he would never try the objective approach again, preferring the fleeting clouds and shining sands of his imagination.

HEYWOOD WAS doing the drama for one of the papers when Bill Harris produced "Outward Bound." Harris, always on the prodigal side, asked the critics to go up to Sing Sing where we were to present the show to the prisoners. Heywood and Ruth Hale accepted. At the dinner table that night the warden told us of the practice of putting saltpeter in the food, changing the dish every night so that the prisoners couldn't get on to the system. That night the stewed tomatoes bore the anti-aphrodisiac, and we were duly warned to pass them by. During the course of the meal Ruth started on her current crusade; separate domiciles for folks in the creative field. Several times Heywood gently admonished her and at each reproach she became more vehement.

"Listen, Heywood, if you don't stop that nonsense, I'll divorce you tomorrow."

"Shh-shh" Heywood held up his hand to silence her and looked around the table. Then he leaned over and whispered: "Don't mind her folks; it's the tomatoes speaking."

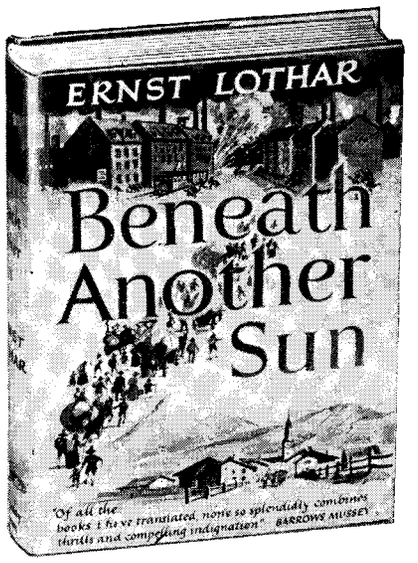
AROUND THAT PERIOD Heywood was having one of his phases when he was popular with the magazines. Orders for work were piling up as Heywood never refused to do anything asked of him. Yes was the easiest way out; excuses could be thought of later. He asked me if I would help him. I looked over the orders and found one that called for an article on a young lady poet. I grabbed that. Heywood didn't know that I had an unrequited passion for the girl. I doubt if he read the manuscript beyond the first paragraph. When the article was printed Heywood handed me the entire check. I protested as the agreement had been a 50-50 split.

I went to town on the lady and her works and it wouldn't have taken a psychiatrist to detect my hidden passion. But Heywood didn't happen to feel that way about her.

"It's all yours," said Heywood, "and what's more, *you'll* have to marry the girl." MURDOCK PEMBERTON.

THE WOMRATH STORES recently volunteered to distribute stirrup pumps at cost, and Mayor La Guardia referred to this generous offer in two successive broadcasts. His words brought a purposeful dowager into one of the Womrath branches last week. "Do you have stirrup pumps?" she demanded. The clerk thumbed through two issues of *Publisher's Weekly* and replied, "Sorry, madame, but it doesn't seem to have been published yet!" . . .

BENNETT CERF.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The Period of Paradox

THE OLD SOUTH. THE FOUNDING OF AMERICAN CIVILIZATION. By Thomas Jefferson Wertenbaker. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1942. 364 *pp.* $3.50.

Reviewed by HOWARD W. ODUM

IN a review in this journal of Professor Buck's Pulitzer prize winner, "The Road to Reunion," I emphasized the essential value of the book in the creation of a better understanding for the nation of the complexity and reality of the Southern struggle. Something of the same emphasis should be placed upon Professor Wertenbaker's "The Old South," but on a different level of interpretation.

"The Road to Reunion" provided documents and facts to explain better than any similar book the events of a period in which conflict and struggle and paradox abounded. His facts faced realities in areas where heated controversies, conflicting historical writing, and traditional verdicts had led not only to great confusion but to inaccurate conclusions about the region and its post-war dilemmas.

Professor Wertenbaker's "The Old South" interprets the Old South anew, sometimes differently, and in general in better perspective. It presents an extraordinary array of descriptive portraiture, adequately documented, that cannot be denied its distinctive place in the still needed literature of the Old South, so much documented and described in the past.

While this is a book of history, the merits of which will be judged by historians, it is for its lively contribution to the total cultural picture of the South that this review commends it. The reader must not be misled by the titles of its small number of chapters to conclude that it is just another standard historical volume. Rather it will reward the enthusiastic reader who looks for a fascinating story, rich in a great variety and range of portraiture of the origin of American civilization. The book has a vividness and clearness in the selection and presentation of its many topics rarely found in historical writing. To read the running heads throughout the book, is to get an admirable picture of what the Old South was, presented by means of comprehensive, well-written topical analyses.

From the first page to the last the stage setting is perfect, the characters of the drama are clearly portrayed, the action never lags. Here one after the other are the Log Cabin Myth, Patterns in Brick, the Minister on Horseback, Religious Freedom, A Promised Land, The Clash of Civilizations, the Plantation Artisan, the Rice Aristocrat, and other phases of Southern society. Discussion of "The Old South Father of the New," together with the repeated caution against conclusions based upon partial and limited information, give the book a definitive value, regardless of any imperfection which the critical historian may find. Thus, the background for the Big House as described in articles in this issue of *The Saturday Review* is forcefully presented:

> The conquest of the American colonies by the new architectural ideas constitutes an instructive chapter in the history of American civilization. The prevailing forms in the various colonies, based on European inheritance and shaped by local conditions, the quaint timbered houses of New England, the Dutch houses of New Amsterdam, the Flemish cottage of the Lower Hudson Valley, the half-timbered and log houses of the Pennsylvania German, the picturesque little cottages of the tobacco planters, gradually gave way before the all-conquering Georgian. It brought a uniformity to colonial architecture unknown in the seventeenth century.

Finally, appropriate to our present need of a realistic cultural planning in harmony with the folk and regional culture is Professor Wertenbaker's adventure into "what might have been." He says: "But we must beware of interpreting the South of colonial and early national times in terms of the South of Calhoun and Jefferson Davis. True, the later South was the outgrowth of the earlier; its civilization was the development and expansion of the civilization which produced Washington, Jefferson, Madison, and the Pinckneys. But had the wheel of fortune made a different turn, had there been no cotton gin, had Jefferson succeeded in keeping slavery out of the Ohio Valley, there probably would have been no 'conflict irrepressible,' no united South. . . . The foundations of the New South of today, with its great industries, its rich fruit and trucking areas, its important mineral output, its growing middle class, were laid in colonial, not post-war days."

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 460)

LIN YUTANG:
THE WISDOM OF CHINA
(INTRODUCTION)

The Chinese philosopher is like a swimmer who dives but must soon come up to the surface again; the Western philosopher is like a swimmer who lives . . . and is proud that he never comes up to the surface again . . . happy in his profundity.

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The Paradises

JOHN PARADISE AND LUCY LUDWELL OF LONDON AND WILLIAMSBURG. By Archibald Bolling Shepperson. Richmond, Virginia: The Dietz Press. 1942. 501 *pp.* $4.

Reviewed by THOMAS J. WERTENBAKER

THIS is the story of John Paradise, an Englishman with a Near East background, and Lucy Ludwell, a woman whose early life and ancestry goes back to colonial Virginia. The author gives us intimate and vivid pictures of these wedded, but strangely contrasting persons. John Paradise, a scholar and linguist, was affable, likable, sincere, but timid, impractical, and unbusiness-like; a man who espoused the American cause at the time of the Revolution, not because his wife was a native Virginian, but from a love of liberty. Lucy, pretty and winning, but ignorant, vain, extravagant, and willful, remained throughout intensely loyal to Virginia because of her pride in the position the Ludwell family had maintained there through three generations.

Much of the book is devoted to the quarrels of this pair, who separated several times only to be reunited. The account of the romance of their daughter with Count Barziza, in which the mother aided the young people in their elopement despite the bitter objection of her husband, makes interesting reading.

Not so exciting but of more historical value is the glimpse which we gain of Dr. Samuel Johnson's distinguished circle to which the Paradises were admitted. Johnson, himself, despite his hatred of Americans, visited them at their residence, No. 28 Charles Street, Cavendish Square, while John Paradise was on intimate terms with Boswell, Dr. Samuel Parr, Joseph Priestley, Sir William Jones, whom the author depicts as a false friend and an intriguing, double-dealing person, Gibbons, and others.

During the Revolution Paradise visited Paris, winning the confidence of Franklin, but arousing John Jay's suspicions that he might be an English spy masquerading as a friend of liberty.

At the conclusion of peace the Paradise house once more became a center of social activity, this time with an altered circle of friends, for the Americans and friends of America found there a ready welcome. "The 'levée Paradisiac' was spoken of with gratitude and affection, and Lucy Paradise achieved an old ambition—that of becoming for almost a decade the outstanding American hostess in London." To this Mecca came the lovable

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**A Literary Guild Selection*

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, NEW YORK

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MARY HARDEY

was born in Maryland, where her family had lived for nearly two centuries. She grew up in the Louisiana that Mr. Jefferson bought from Bonaparte for a mere $3,000,000 (quite a trader, Mr. Jefferson) and she died in France in 1886.

IN THE INTERIM she had cooperated in a unique way with the growth of her country from a frontier state with its bare seven million souls to a mighty nation of its present size and of more than 60,000,000 population.

SHE TRAVELLED MUCH, she raised and handled with discretion large sums of money, she bought houses and real estate, she founded schools and convents and her foundations prospered.

SHE WAS A WOMAN of great good sense, of courage, of patience and humility and of an extraordinary charm. Such a woman is rare, and it is rarer still that she should prove fortunate in her biographer.

MARGARET WILLIAMS (of Manhattanville College of the Sacred Heart, one of the "Hardey foundations") is herself a woman of unusual culture and distinction (M.A. Oxon., author of WORD HOARD) and the writing of this book has been for her a tribute and a labor of love.

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SHEED & WARD

young Virginian William Short, Thomas Lee Shippen, John Rutledge, a nephew of Governor Rutledge of South Carolina, the poetic David Humphreys, and others. Even the great Thomas Jefferson, when he came to London on a diplomatic mission, found a ready welcome which contrasted with King George's open discourtesy.

There is an unfortunate gap in the story, no doubt because of a lack of source material, from the death of John Paradise in 1795, to 1805 when Lucy returned to Virginia. But the epilogue of eighteen pages describes her life in Williamsburg, where, as an eccentric old lady she exercised the privilege of a Ludwell to be dictatorial. Her neighbors seem to have stood in such awe of her that they dared not refuse when she demanded their bonnets or gowns for social events. At last her mind gave way and she left her house on the Duke of Gloucester Street to become an inmate of the asylum a few blocks away. Here she died in 1814.

The book touches Virginia only indirectly, yet the colony is continually in the background. It gives evidence of much searching through the Lee manuscripts, the Shippen manuscripts, the Jefferson manuscripts, the Ludwell manuscripts, and other source materials, and skill in assembling the material. The style is excellent and the historical judgments on the whole sound.

Leader in a Revolt

CHARLES CARROLL OF CARROLLTON. By Ellen Hart Smith. Cambridge: Harvard University Press. 1942. 340 *pp.* $3.75.

Reviewed by ALLAN NEVINS

"WILL you sign?" John Hancock asked Carroll, motioning him toward the Declaration and a quill pen. "Most willingly," exclaimed Carroll, who for months had advocated independence. "There go a few millions!" declared a bystander, as the Marylander appended his name—and to make identification sure, added the words "of Carrollton." So tradition. The story, doubtless inaccurate, indicates two of the three reasons why Charles Carroll has occupied a somewhat artificial place in the American imagination. By joining the revolt, he risked an immense fortune; John Adams, who computed it admiringly at two hundred thousand pounds sterling, called it the largest fortune in America. His peculiar name (he had really termed himself "Charles Carroll of Carrollton" long before the Revolution) stamps itself upon the memory. The third reason is that he was the most prominent Catholic in the Revolutionary contest. The revolt was far from being a movement for Catholic rights; multitudes of patriots had joined Alexander Hamilton after the Quebec Act in assailing Great Britain for being altogether too favorable to the Papists. But Carroll expressed the feeling of a not inconsiderable Catholic body.

Yet if Carroll's fame is somewhat artificial, he nevertheless has a solid title to remembrance. He missed his best chance for service when he was not employed to help negotiate the French alliance. He was ideally fitted for that labor, as he had been ideally fitted for the abortive mission to Canada in 1776 to form a union with Quebec. Educated in part in Rheims, Bourges, and Paris, he spoke French fluently and knew the French tradition. Franklin and Washington wanted him to go to the French Court; but whether for public or private reasons, the project fell through. He therefore stands in our history primarily as a leader in the first phase of the Revolution. He did his important work in the years 1773-77, and then fell into the background. In Maryland, nobody else could have served the patriot cause so well as this unselfish aristocrat, representing all that was best in the culture of the Province. Taking up his pen, he first overmatched the able loyalist Daniel Dulany in a fierce debate that raged in the columns of the *Maryland Gazette.* Then he stepped into leadership in the Provincial Convention and the Committee of Correspondence, seeing with his friends Chase and Paca that Maryland came up to the line drawn by those leaders in revolt, Massachusetts and Virginia. He joined the Continental Congress just in time to become a signer, and remained to form one of the pillars of the "Washington party" in the early years of Congressional discouragement and intrigue. His resignation from national service in 1778 was regrettable. But we can understand why he thought himself useless in an assembly where "important time . . . was idly wasted in frivolous debate," and he had to be "a silent hearer of such speeches as neither edified, entertained or instructed me."

Miss Smith's book, supplementing rather than supplanting the old two-volume life by Kate Mason Rowland, which still remains of value for its documentary appendices and some special points of view, performs a number of useful services. It gives us our first compact, lively, and really inter-

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esting biography of Carroll. It explores a great deal of untouched manuscript, newspaper, and monographic material, and makes use of the latest conclusions of history regarding the Revolution. It defines with scrupulous accuracy the place of Catholics in the political and social life of Maryland, and the somewhat unorthodox position of Carroll in the Catholic Church—for he did not hesitate to assail some Catholic ideas and practices. Most interesting of all, it paints a skilful picture of Carroll as a man. Physically unimpressive, for he was short, smallboned, and excessively thin, he was also too retiring and ambitious to make a strong political leader.

When it is added that he loved to make money and was hardfisted in keeping it, we can understand why he was little in public life after the Revolutionary crisis. He might have gone to the Constitutional Convention but did not, and his service as United States Senator was brief and undistinguished. In his later years he devoted himself to that huge estate which included nearly 80,000 acres of land. and which made him at his death perhaps the wealthiest of Americans. The one signal defect of Miss Smith's volume is that it pays little attention to his business activities. But in a book of such high general merit, that is a minor flaw.

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The Press on Chapel Hill

A Pioneer in Southern University Publishing

EDITH M. STERN

AT Chapel Hill, North Carolina, the publishing of thirty to forty first-rate books a year is no end in itself, but a means to a healthy regional intellectual life. Underlying the pleasant, level tones of W. T. Couch, director of the University of North Carolina Press; behind his quiet reserve, is the fervor of a man who believes in his work.

Pioneer organization of its kind in an area with 30,000,000 population, the University of North Carolina Press was founded in 1922. Serving, originally, the immediate interests of the University and its scholars, the Press began on a small scale, with no bound books its first year and only two in its second. Gradually its lists have become more general: it has even published two novels. Today it is the leading publishing house of the South, ranking with any university press in the nation.

But Couch cautions against labeling it as "arrived" or "successfully established." Not only is it beset with financial difficulties—"working on a shoestring, and someone else's shoestring at that," he told me ruefully—but for every achievement he has a dozen unconsummated plans, for every notable, handsomely bound, printed, and illustrated publication a reservation as to how it might have been better.

According to everyone but himself, "Couch is the Press." Its first director was Dr. Louis Wilson, now librarian and head of the graduate library school of the University of Chicago. In June, 1925, he called in Couch, student editor of the college magazine and about to be graduated. Wilson said that he had suddenly to go away, wanted Couch to take over the Press as assistant director, had no time even to show him the files. At fifty dollars a month, Couch worked until midnight nightly finding his way about, missing out on Phi Beta Kappa because he went away on a selling trip. He became so fascinated by the potentialities of the Press, so fired with the desire to make available to the South and to the nation books about the South and about the nation that came from the South instead of from New York or Boston that he renounced other plans and stayed on. In 1932 he was appointed director and has headed the Press ever since, despite alluring offers from publishers elsewhere. "There's still a job to be done here," he says.

Categorize the titles on the Press's lists and you comprehend its complex objectives—to be regional yet not provincial, to serve the University of North Carolina and also reach all levels of the Southern population, and finally, to fill some intellectual needs and to create more.

First of all come a number of those highly specialized, scholarly works, as much "musts" to university presses as best sellers to commercial publishers. Books like "Chiasmus in the new Testament: A Study in Formgeschichte," by Nils W. Lund; "The Violin Concerto," by Benjamin Swalin, and "The Saprolegniaceae, with Notes on Other Water Molds," by W. C. Coker may be a quarter of a century in the writing, have a first printing of 500-1,000, and rarely a second, and do well if they sell 300 copies during their first two years.

THEN there are volumes of regional documentation, such as Howard Odum's "The Southern Regions," Rupert B. Vance's "Human Geography of the South," H. C. Nixon's "Forty Acres and Steel Mules," Harriet L. Herring's "Southern Industry and Regional Development," or Arthur Raper's "Preface to Peasantry," a study of Georgia cotton farmers. The Report to the President which elicited his famous "Nation's Economic Problem Number One" was based, largely, on material from Chapel Hill publications. With the South, now the most heavily documented section of these United States, the regular appearance of such volumes is no more startling than another autobiography of another foreign correspondent. But in the beginning to get them through printing presses matched the proverbial difficulty of fitting the camel through the needle's eye. Freedom of print taken for granted in New York and in New England had to be won, step by step, by Couch and his supporters like Frank Graham, dynamic and progressive president of the University. North Carolinians had to be convinced why there should be books "by niggers" or "about niggers." More than once diehards protested against the publication of certain titles or phrases in their texts; even those as concerned as Couch about regional race, religious, and economic problems were frequently fearful of "taking a chance" on "touchy" subjects. That today, in North Carolina, regional problems are frankly discussed in public meetings is thanks in no small part to the courageous vanguard at Chapel Hill.

Couch, however, is first and foremost a booklover and publisher, not a reformer. The spotlight which the Press turns on the South reveals beauties as well as cankers, stimulates awareness of riches as well as of poverty. Among its titles you'll find "Fishing in the Carolinas," The Federal Writers' Project "North Carolina Guide," "Early Architecture of North Carolina," "Carolina Gardens," and "A Southern Garden." Juveniles like

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"Birds of the South" and "Trees of the South" fill a gap that sometimes makes a travesty of education for Southern children. Take, for instance, the case of Johnny, a Louisiana schoolboy, and his teacher. "Johnny," she asked, "when do the robins come?" "In the fall," Johnny answered. "Now, Johnny," the teacher remarked reproachfully. "You're wrong. Think again," "In the fall," Johnny repeated staunchly, a youthful Galileo maintaining *"E puer se muove."* "I've seen 'em." The teacher became stern. "Look in your book!" she commanded. And there, sure enough—under a Boston imprint—was the unqualified statement, "Robins come in the spring." Not all teachers, of course, are so idiotically pedagogic, but the fact remains that too often, heretofore, nature study books purporting to depict natural phenomena "of the United States" have, actually completely ignored the vast area below the Mason-Dixon line.

In its historical publishing the Press steers a successful course between the moonlight-and-magnolia-white-columnists and the scrap-the-past modernists who depict old mansions only as rookeries for undernourished sharecroppers and who will not let you see the antebellum cotton fields for the gullies. A realistic culture, Couch believes, embraces intuition and tradition as well as recognition of current problems. Some of his historical publications are for scholarly specialists: among these are "Propaganda and the American Revolution," by Philip Davidson, "The Diplomatic Relations of the United States with Haiti," by Rayford W. Logan, "Foreigners in the Confederacy," by Ella Lonn, and "Cultural Life in Nashville on the Eve of the Civil War," by F. G. Davenport.

A few are subsidized, and have enough buyers to cover costs, in advance. But even these must have importance of one kind or another to rate the Chapel Hill imprint. Recently issued, for instance, is "Life at St. Mary's," by six graduates of the Raleigh School. Covering the period from the Civil War, when planters sent their daughters to St. Mary's for safety and paid their tuition with sacks of cornmeal, it is more than merely a memorial volume. Other historical publications of the Press, like the biographies, "Pemberton, Defender of Vicksburg," by John C. Pemberton and "William M. Evarts," by Chester L. Barrows, have popular interest. "I Rode With Stonewall," by Henry Kyd Douglas, youngest member of Stonewall Jackson's staff, attained best sellerdom.

Once, before a horrified Southern audience, Couch was introduced as the publisher of "I Rode With Sherman." The chairman's error was less farfetched than it seemed. The Press issues biographies of anyone whose life has significance for Southerners. There is Whitman Bennett's "Whittier, Bard of Freedom"; H. J. Eckenrode's and Bryan Conrad's "George B. McClellan: The Man Who Saved the Union."

Similarly the Press publishes another class of books which, though not specifically regional, has a bearing on regional problems. They deal with situations in foreign countries whose racial, social, and economic problems resemble those of the South, or suggest solutions for them. "Housing in Scandinavia" has relevance for the third of a nation that is ill-housed. Four volumes of a series of histories of South American countries have been completed.

And, finally, there are books which even a professional Southerner could not relate regionally, such as "The Novel and Society: A Critical Study of the Modern Novel," by N. Elizabeth Monroe, or Conley Hall Dillon's "International Labor Conventions."

Appropriations are inadequate—they are merely a fraction of those for two other Southern presses or of the rich university presses of the old centers of learning in the North. The University of North Carolina lacks a large, wealthy body of alumni to snap up the published works of a favorite teacher and lacks, too, despite its Howard Odum and its Paul Green, a galaxy of famous, selling names. But greatest limitation of the market for books from Chapel Hill is the fact that the South is not book-minded. It has no tradition of publishing. Numerous sizeable Southern cities have no bookstores at all, in others bookstores are

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—H. I. Brock,
N. Y. Times Book Review

"A delightful excursion, full of light, color, gaiety, and affectionate bragging—She makes real to us the personality of the grand old commonwealth."
—*Book-of-the-Month Club News*

Virginia Is A State Of Mind

E. P. DUTTON & CO. **NEW YORK**

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nearly bankrupt. At any rate, the Press has not only issued books, but on the *l'appetit vient en mangeant* principle, created the demand for them.

From the top down, it has done this through its scholarly publications: from the bottom up by its textbook for adult illiterates, its juveniles. There is, for instance, "Tobe" by Stella Gentry Sharpe. With a simple text, and pictures of life among rural Negroes, it gives Negro children their first share in the vast body of realistic juvenile literature. "Tobe" was written by a North Carolina farm woman because a little Negro boy said to her wistfully, "I wish there was a book where colored folks talked like people." Published at $1.00—which nowhere near covers the costs of its magnificent photographic illustrations that took two years in the procuring— "Tobe" has sold 15,000 among Negroes and among whites who appreciate encountering the Negro as a person and not a problem.

"We have only scratched the surface," Couch says of his publishing. He is bursting with projects, unrealizable for financial reasons—elementary books about soils and minerals, flora and fauna of the South; books for every Southern state like Hobbs's "North Carolina: Economic and Social"; more books on how other countries have solved agricultural and economic problems; more biographies of distinguished Negroes; a Library of American Political Thought; opportunities to experiment with cheaper editions of books that should reach a larger public.

Yet in spite of the very real frustrations and difficulties at Chapel Hill, I have never met a publisher's staff so obviously glowing with fundamental satisfaction with their work. Everyone on the small staff does a little of everything, shifting around and helping out on almost any job where the pressure is particularly heavy.

Head editor Alice T. Paine, born in Minnesota, is Chapel Hill by marriage: her husband, Gregory Paine, is Professor of American Literature at the University. She started with the Press in the editorial department in 1929. Among the books she has guided through the Press is the Josephus Daniels series of which "Tar Heel Editor" was the first volume.

Wendell Brooks Phillips, who looks like a clubwoman's idea of the author of sophisticated novels, is a native West Virginian. After his graduation from Harvard in 1915, he taught at Piedmont College, wrote a series of articles for the *Atlantic Monthly* that began with "I Teach in a Hick College" and ended with "I Was Fired from a Hick College."

Anne Worthy Johnson, a vivacious, dark-haired Georgian joined the editorial staff after receiving her M.A. from the University of North Carolina in 1940. Pretty, blonde Porter Cowles, advertising manager, holds her present post since 1938; she went with the Press after her graduation from the University in 1933.

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The Vanderbilt University Press
Nashville, Tennessee

"THREEFOLD CORD"

(*Continued from page* 9)

of freedom and human dignity, there are pools of ignorance, poverty, and degradation hardly to be matched elsewhere, and in the South, at least, "the American idea" stops short at the color line. Nor does the Southern or Far Western knowledge of politics prevent frequent extraordinary choices in the realm of public servants. I have only to mention the names of certain Southern and Far Western senators.

NO, neither the South nor the Far West are by any means perfect, and they have much to learn, especially along the lines of surface civilization, from their fellow-Americans of the Middle States, but I return to my conviction that inherently both sections have retained something of intrinsic worth that will begin to show up as more and more valuable as the changes, now upon us, become more visible. And in one most important branch of surface civilization, at least, the Southerner and Far Westerner far outshine their neighbors; I mean the realm of manners. Nor are these with the Southerner and Far Westerner surface matters. Once more, they stem from a belief in the individual and a vicarious desire to be friendly and helpful. Both the Southerner and Far Westerner are so aware of their own individualities that they grant the same right to everyone else. Southern and Far Western manners are not based upon the Northeastern theory that "good manners are good business," and the Southerner and Far Westerner do not have to read Dale Carnegie, and would not understand him if they did.

To prove satisfactorily this spiritual and often actual identity between the South and Far West, to give sufficient instances of it, to attempt to explain it, would require a lengthy volume. Why, for example, did every poll taken during the two troubled and divided years preceding our entrance into the present war show these two sections of the country alike in their eagerness to get into the quarrel and finish it off, and in this respect, not only show them alike but far in advance of the rest of the nation? This can be partially explained by the fact that both the Southerner and Far Westerner still retain the fine, keen, early American scent for the bully and bad man, and the original knowledge of what to do with him. Also both sections have a conviction of original sin. But then, having stated this, one would have to explain why in these two sections the scent and knowledge have not been dulled as they have been

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elsewhere. Were I confined to giving one primary cause for this identity, I would once more refer back to the land; the look of it, the shape of it, and the especial twist in both cases it has given to settlement.

It has long been recognized that man does not do well under too prosperous circumstances, and it has been equally recognized that men love best, with almost an anguish of longing and wistfulness, lands that are a little difficult to deal with, a little recalcitrant, given to moods; lands that make a man work. Land of this sort has always evoked a devotion that has never been granted more lush and fertile lands. The South and the Far West are alike in this respect. And because in both cases fundamentally the land is the same, although outwardly so different, neither sections, except in a few places, lend themselves to crowds or congested settlement, another very important point. Men and women stand out. They are not submerged by their kind. There is little of the perpetual bewilderment and depression of excess. One does not lose his taste for humanity. And because there is some space, much loneliness, and the long horizons, sober and sometimes a trifle sad, of the South, vivid and startling of the Far West, the sense of home, of the small place you own and come to, is very strong.

AND because the land is like this, and so ever-present, the brooding power of it, the Southerner and Far Westerner, occupied with the land or not, has never thought that money was the final standard of anything or the ultimate desire of life. He has always known better; he still knows better. A society such as grew up in certain sections of Long Island is incomprehensible to him. He does not judge men that way. What he is interested in is life itself and its endeavors.

Historically there has been, of course, a marked immigration from the South to the Far West; a two forked immigration; that coming directly from the East, that coming up from Texas with the great herds of the 60's, 70's and early 80's. But I do not think blood and tradition enough to account for the similarities I have pointed out, nor even to influence them much. After all, the Far West was settled by people from many parts of this country and the world.

The answer is more spiritual, more mental, as I have tried to indicate. At all events, one contemporary result has been that it enables the South and Far West from the very beginning to understand instinctively what this war is about much more clearly than many other sections of the country. This understanding is not only symptomatic but of immense future significance.

THE PLANTER CLASS

(*Continued from page* 16)

aged any primary interest in such servile occupations as trading or manufacturing, or aided in the growth of large urban centers. Closely tied in with the anxiety of the aristocrat for preserving a cultural pattern that could produce their ideal of a "gentleman" was their proud faith in Jeffersonian democracy. Most of the Jeffersonian beliefs were not only compatible with aristocratic ideals of the good life, but they also guaranteed that the dignity and power of the individual personality was never to be humbled or overshadowed by any instrument of group government such as the state.

The very mention of the titles "gentleman" or "lady" in any antebellum Southern community brought immediately to mind a particular type of friends, faultless family pedigree, genteel manners, pure speech, well-trained intellect, and the assumption that material possessions included "Negroes, dogs, and estates." Although the planter had innumerable economic responsibilities, he never lost himself in his business but made his business his social enjoyment. His life was believed largely devoted to outdoor, leisure-time activities such as fox-hunting or riding to hounds, deer-hunting or horseback riding. Hospitality and a gracious manner as a host were essential marks of bearing.

The symbol of the Southern gentleman was that when he was graduated from a university, he toured the continent of Europe in an effort to put the finishing touches to a liberal education. When he married he settled down to the management of his estates and devoted his attention to accepting those communal responsibilities that were his lot because of his position in society. He devoted his attention more frequently to politics, took interest in county affairs, and often ran for the State Legislature. Often, in the region as a whole where the Presbyterian, Methodist, and Baptist churches later were dominant, he leaned toward the Episcopal form. But in whatever church, he quietly assumed the responsibilities of providing support and active participation. His honor and integrity were worthy of defense by duel or challenge to duel. If perhaps the patrimonial estate was too small to assure immediate economic security to all of the brothers of an aristocratic family, each brother, with a relative assurance of having good social standing because of his

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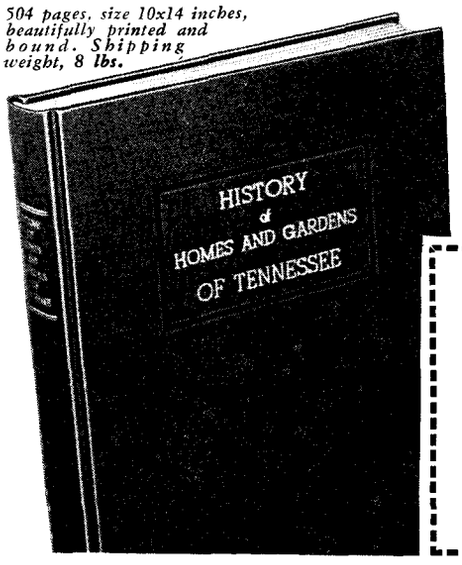

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name, could choose one of the more recognized professions or distinguish himself in the army or navy.

The mold of Southern womanhood was designed to create a protected personality. The sphere of interest and activity of a lady throughout life was centered around the family and the home. Inborn grace, gentility, softness of speech and manners, spiritual beauty, and well-cultivated talents in the more womanly arts were all traits that women sought to attain. To sons and husbands, mothers and daughters were "queens." Yet the mistress of the plantation had household responsibilities and tasks which were never-ending and very much an important part of the conduct of the plantation itself. With silent acceptance and with strength nourished by efficiency she went about her duties of supervising the household staff in the care of the large mansion, directing the work in the large kitchen, and seeing to it that the stocks in the linen closets and spacious cupboards were replenished. She gave birth to a large family of male and female offspring and anxiously saw to it that each had the proper upbringing and care so necessary for preparing them for their position in life. It was the mistress of the plantation who was called in event of illness of members of the household, both family and slaves. So, too, even at a moment's notice she had to be ready to assume the role of the charming hostess for guests or acquaintances of the family. The expression of hospitality might be a lavish reception or a ball for a hundred or more people, or it might be a dinner that would demand a table set with an overwhelming variety and quality of foods and drink and served in the best of the massive handwrought silverware and the finest china.

Alongside possessions worthy of the plantation economy and manners suited to the gentry, perhaps the chief contribution to American culture was an architectural background, symbolized by the Big House and all its heritage from abroad. A truly worthy and man-made symbol of wealth and beauty was the classic styled mansion erected by the plantation upper classes. The large, two-story quadrangular house of frame or brick usually stood majestically in a setting of extensive lawns which were green all year with well-kept shrubbery and select flower gardens. A long, shaded drive led to the wide doorway which was framed with large white Doric columns and crowned with an inviting second-story piazza. Paths behind the mansion led to the neatly arranged outbuildings, offices, and the village of slave huts. Maybe such a mansion sheltered a hated "cotton snob" or a "Southern Yankee," but to the passer-by the symbol was one of wealth and class. Around the country side the Big House was known for generations by almost every person, young or old, of high or low status, and was spoken of in terms more appropriate for reference to a personality than a dwelling.

Perhaps such quality of personality was well attributed to lovely old symbols such as Mount Vernon, Monticello, Arlington, Shirley, Westover, Hampton, Belle Mina, Rosemont, and Hermitage, for they stood in full glory long after other symbols of cultural achievements of the Southern gentry had lost their meaning.

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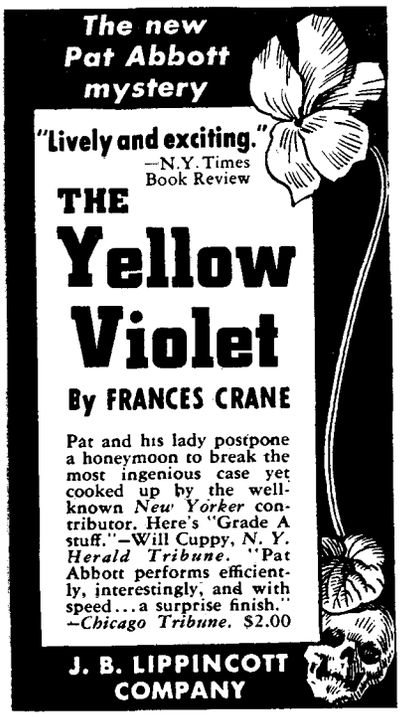
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Your Literary I. Q.

By Howard Collins

10 FAVORITE STORIES

Like everyone else, your editor is an anthologist at heart, so this week we are presenting our 10 favorite short stories, hoping that if they're not already among your favorites too you'll look them up and read them. As for scoring, allowing 5 points if you recognize the story from the brief clue given below and another 5 if you remember the author, a score below 50 means you've been missing something, 60 to 65 that you've had a lot of enjoyment, and 75 or better that you're widely read and have a marvelous memory. Answers on page 36.

1. Possession of a monkey's paw gives the owner three wishes which will come true.
2. M. Hamel conducts the last French lesson to be given in Alsace-Lorraine.
3. A sea-side convalescent relates an eerie experience involving palmistry.
4. A cross-word puzzle fan tries to cure himself of stuttering by speaking to three strangers.
5. An imaginative girl frightens a visitor by making up a ghost story about an open french window.
6. Stranded in a snow-bound train, 24 passengers follow strict parliamentary procedure in selecting members of their group to be eaten by the others.
7. An artist draws a picture of a fat man being given the death sentence by a judge, later meets him and finds that the fat man has just carved a tombstone with the artist's name on it.
8. A starving poet, hiding away in a department store, finds that a host of other people have been living there since 1907.
9. A young man, engaged on his first job as a house-moving contractor, has difficulty replacing a broken gear in his tractor.
10. A down-and-out divorcee picks a rich man's pocket to get money enough to make a good impression on her young daughter whom she has not seen for seventeen years.

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THE STORY THAT WAS

(*Continued from page* 10)

every state. There were flatwood and sandhill folk, middle state and eastern coast groups. Sojourners in the piney woods. Sturdy stock of yet varying types in mountain and Piedmont. Hosts of mill village folks and white tenant farmers. The Negro from farm and Black Belt, tenants and laborers. The general Negro common man in town and country, worker and farm owners. The more educated and cultured Negro in professional life or wherever he could find his way. Urban and rural contrasts, agricultural, industrial, and commercial groupings. Northerners and Westerners came into the South, part remnants and issue from reconstruction days, part leaders and progressive, developing Southern resources, contributing to Southern progress and leadership. The Southern States, abounding in classes and groups, reflected anything but homogeneity at any time.

THERE were ways in which the Old South was following the "American" trait and there were ways in which its handicaps were exclusively regional. In the exploitation of the resources and particularly of the lands of the South, as when worn out and depleted soil of one area was left for exploration and development in the newer and richer lands of the Deep South, the American mode was followed so much that the South later came to have the greatest part of the worst eroded lands of the nation.

There was another American background of conflict and battle with the Indians, in which religious motivation was joined with frontier conquest of the Indian. This was of special significance to the South in so far as this conflict of the two cultures of the Old and New World had set the incidence for the whole of America's future and had conditioned the incidence of exploitation of Red man, of Negro, and immigrant. So, too, in so far as it had set the stage for religious coloring of political and economic institutions, it had provided an American background for what the South was to do with its Negro population and racial attitudes.

On the other hand, the Old South bequeathed a heritage of crises and hazards that have burdened the New South with an unequal load. There was the crisis of secession, of war, and of reconstruction. There was a continuous crisis of race conflict and adjustment to a free society that was organically biracial. There was then the ever-resurging crisis of the cotton economy and of the economic poverty of the region. And there were hazards of

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THE OLD SOUTH

Following is a list of the members of the *American Booksellers Association* in Washington, D. C., and the Old South who will be glad to supply books reviewed or advertised in this issue.

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The Bookshop	916 Seventeenth Street N. W.
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Brentano's Bookstore	1823 Columbia Road N. W.
Brentano's Bookstore	3428 Connecticut Avenue N. W.
Community Book Shop	4449 Connecticut Avenue N. W.
Francis Scott Key Book Shop	28th and O Streets
William J. Gallery & Company	718 Eleventh Street N. W.
Elizabeth Howard Bookstall	YWCA—17th and K Streets
Junior League Library	2001 Massachusetts Avenue
S. Kann Sons—Book Department	8th Street and Penna. Avenue
Helen D. LaMonte	2924 N Street N. W.
Storage Book Shop	420—10th Street
Whyte Book Shop	1707 H Street N. W.
Woodward & Lothrop—Book Dept.	11th and F Streets

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Baptist Bookstore	405 Hearst Tower Building, Balt.
I. & M. Ottenheimer	114 South Street, Baltimore
Remington-Putnam Book Co.	347 N. Charles Street, Baltimore
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Newman Book Shop	71 W. Main Street, Westminster

Virginia

New Dominion Bookshop	Charlottesville
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Miller & Rhoads	509 E. Broad Street, Richmond
The Book Nook	34 West Kirk Avenue, Roanoke

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Major's Book Store	211 Hale Street, Charleston
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Baptist Bookstore	1301 Hampton Avenue, Columbia
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Tennessee

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A. R. Taylor Company	Memphis
Three Musketeers Bookshop	92 S. Second Street, Memphis
Baptist Bookstore	127 Ninth Ave. North, Nashville
Baptist Sunday School Board	161 Eighth Ave. North, Nashville
Methodist Publishing House	810 Broadway, Nashville
R. M. Mills	703 Church Street, Nashville
Stokes & Stockell	519 Union Street, Nashville
Tennessee Book Company	172 Second Ave. North, Nashville
Zibart Brothers	719 Church Street, Nashville

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changing markets of the colonial economy, of the boll weevil and the cattle tick, and of the Ku Klux and demagogue.

Now the cumulative heritage of all this historical and geographical incidence, set in the stage of changing times and technology, is of the utmost importance to the South and the nation in the present crisis of war and post-war planning. And here there is again great contrast, such that the chasm between abundance possibilities and deficiency actually lies at the heart of the Southern regional national problem. The region, now made up of Deep South and Upper South into a great Southeast, reflects some such characterization as follows: as to resources—superabundance; as to science, skills, technology, organization—deficiency; as to general economy—waste; as to culture—richness, with immaturity and multiple handicaps; as to trends—hesitancy and relative retrogression in many aspects of culture.

Yet these very characteristics and the high motivation of the South to evolve a very genuine and realistic regionalism that seeks the integration of the national culture through the building of well balanced regional cultures as adequately coördinated as the nation's ideals may well lead to results worthy of all the costs.

And it should be emphasized that there need be no more nor less reflection upon the South for the "failure" of its culture than in the case of Athens or Rome or the multiple cultures that have come and gone in the great growth processes of human society. It was epic and it was epochal. It is still ours to ask what its net heritage will be to the nation and to the larger culture of a new world.

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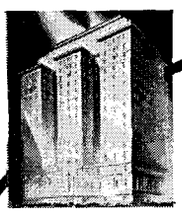

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Under the Top Cream

COFFEE CREAM. By Caroline Overstreet. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1942. 315 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by JOHN TEMPLE GRAVES

"THEY'RE veneer. My father called them coffee cream. You know, just under the thick, rich top cream . . . The South is full of them. Proud, boastful, gallant, good enough fellows, but not top cream. They are the ones who travel East and North and make fools of themselves about niggers. They resent the top layer more than they do the Republicans . . . " Caroline Overstreet has a good idea for her book. Looking back at ourselves in this country as we were before the war we can see that unless there are developed qualitative as well as quantitative standards for our democracy of the future it isn't likely to have a very long future. In this book a plantation life of a few decades ago is lived alongside a lumber mill life. Except for an unconvincing and rather unattractive love story, there is an effect of authenticity. Jack Crawford is coffee cream, his wife Virginia Braddock is top cream, Milt Gardner is a crude Yankee, and Alicia Morton is a cultured Yankee. Life at the Crawfords seems just a little like something from Thomas Nelson Page but it does happen that way even now. Suspicion enters that the occasional sophistications are synthetic and that the author thought of them as necessary evils.

The tradition of top cream in the South may have done that region harm in other days but it doesn't any more. In my opinion it is good for the South and for the whole country to contemplate for the years to come those individuals, however rare and no matter where they lived, whose code makes them loyal, generous and just. The author of "Coffee Cream" has not written a great book but she has handled with a certain adequacy one approach to a great theme.

ANSWERS TO LITERARY QUIZ

1. W. W. Jacobs: "The Monkey's Paw."
2. Alphonse Daudet: "The Last Class."
3. Max Beerbohm: "A. V. Laider."
4. P. G. Wodehouse: "The Truth about George."
5. Saki: "The Open Window."
6. Mark Twain: "Cannibalism in the Cars."
7. W. F. Harvey: "August Heat."
8. John Collier: "Evening Primrose."
9. William Hazlitt Upson: "I'm in a Hurry."
10. May Edginton: "Purple and Fine Linen."

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The Crostics Club

DR. JOHN W. CUMMIN, Boston, furthers our Dunne investigation thus: "Prefaces in 'Mr. Dooley in the Hearts of His Countrymen,' 'Mr. Dooley in Peace and War,' and 'Mr. Dooley's Philosophy' are each signed F. P. Dunne." Isn't there a missing link? Dunne wrote these papers first for the newspapers. Did he sign them just Mr. Dooley, or what?

That our DCs can be a present help in time of pain, bereavement, financial depression, insomnia, cruise ennui, we have learned from puzzlers, and even, as Mrs. Pearl Neville, Wellesley Farms, wrote, in hurricanes when chimneys are toppling and trees crashing about one's woodland home, or in diplomatic crises, as Ambassador Grew and Hugh Byas have testified; but this pleasant letter from Mrs. Elisabeth Yager, Bobbs-Merrill Company, Indianapolis, somehow makes us really a part of the world conflict:

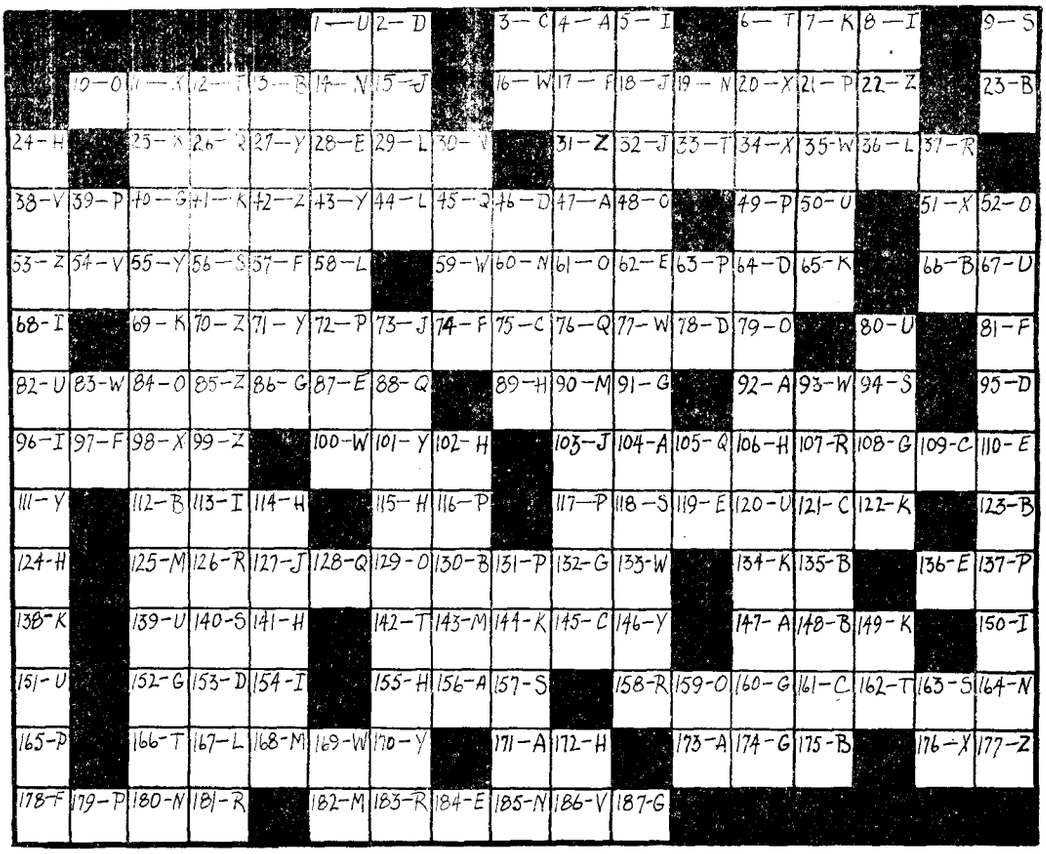
"Bob Casey, mentioned in Bennett Cerf's column this week as the author of 'Torpedo Junction' has a reference in that book to your works. Throughout the book he makes it clear that for the correspondent with the Navy in the Pacific, life was made up of weeks of boredom interspersed with days when all hell let loose, the battle contact (torpedo junction). To combat the tedium he tried a lot of things and reports favorably: 'Spent the afternoon . . . working a species of crossword puzzle known as the Double-Crostics . . . a very tough form of amusement.' This was written on May 10 aboard a cruiser which three weeks later, with Casey and his Double-Crostics still aboard, got its complement of planes into the Battle of Midway after a fast trip up from the Coral Sea. Working Double-Crostics aboard ship far from reference books puts him in the class that doesn't use them; for myself I use anything that will help."

Of a different color is the letter from a lady who, under the impression that she was treating herself to a crossword puzzle book, purchased Series 13 Double-Crostics in a Bookshop at the Penn. R.R. Station, N. Y. City. She has returned the book to *me*, c/o the publishers, with an indignant letter of protest at such an imposition. I chronicle this particularly for our Baltimorean DCers, for in a P.S., in defending her inability to do such hopelessly involved puzzles, she adds that though she now lives in Baltimore, she is not a small-town puzzler, for she has lived twenty years in N. Y. City!

Miriam de Ford Shipley tells us that she has said a good word for DCs in her own biography included in "Twentieth Century Authors" (H. W. Wilson Co.) about half of which she wrote.

Musing on the vicissitudes of DC making I am comforted by the thought that Arm-Chair Strategists exist even in our numbers!

E. S. K.



Double-Crostics: No. 461

By ELIZABETH S. KINGSLEY

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-six words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square on the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Reading up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; therefore words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (1940 edition).

The solution of last week's *Double Crostic* will be found on page 20 of this issue.

DEFINITIONS

A. To find a flaw in a policy or argument (3 wds.)

B. Darkened as by shadow.

C. Noted German Conductor in U. S. (1876-).

D. Ready and eager (2 wds.—colloq.)

E. The token of the covenant between Yahveh and Noah at end of the flood.

F. Father of Xerxes—defeated at Marathon.

G. Ubiety.

H. Said of set type not exactly vertical (print.—3 wds.)

I. Enslavement of certain ants by others.

J. To reveal; lay open to view.

K. Martens, weasels, minks.

L. A horse miraculously endowed with speech (Gr. Myth.)

M. A complication or difficulty.

N. Edmonton is its capital.

O. Rhet: Use of one word for another that it suggests (*Vergil* for his poems).

P. To partake of another's hospitality (3 wds.)

Q. Took to flight (2 wds.)

R. To preconceive or prefigure.

S. Small Ceylonese lizard semi-domesticated.

T. English character actor (1868-) (*Disraeli*).

U. Involuntary nodding of the head.

V. Sooner than.

W. To tolerate; endure (3 wds.)

X. To survive.

Y. Small talk.

Z. Personal followers for political advantage.

WORDS

156 104 173 4 147 47 171 92

23 112 148 13 123 130 66 135 175

3 75 121 145 169 161

153 46 78 95 64 2

87 184 28 110 62 119 136

74 57 17 178 97 81

152 174 86 108 160 132 91 187 40

89 106 24 115 114 102 172 124 141 155

68 113 8 96 5 150 154

32 73 127 18 15 103

65 144 138 149 41 7 134 122 69

29 36 44 167 58

90 113 125 168 182

14 30 19 180 60 185 164

52 129 84 61 10 79 159 48

131 137 179 72 165 21 39 117 49 93 116

76 45 88 26 105 128

126 181 37 158 183 107

163 118 157 94 56 140 9

6 12 83 162 166 142

50 120 139 80 151 1 82 67

38 54 186

16 35 133 83 59 100 77 179 93

11 176 98 20 51 25 34

71 146 55 111 27 170 101 43

85 53 177 31 99 22 70 42

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PERSONALS

ADVERTISEMENTS will be accepted in this column for things wanted or unwanted; personal services to let or required; literary or publishing offers not easily classified elsewhere; miscellaneous items appealing to a special and intelligent clientèle; jobs wanted, houses or camps for rent, tutoring, traveling companions, ideas for sale; communications of a decorous nature, expressions of opinion (limited to fifty lines). All advertisements must be consonant with the purpose and character of The Saturday Review. Ads of a strictly personal nature are limited to an exchange of correspondence, thus also enabling an exchange of reference. Rates: 10 cents per word including signature. Count two additional words for Box and Number. Payment in full must be received ten days in advance of publication. We forward all mail received in answer to box numbers. Address Personal Dept., Saturday Review, 25 West 45th Street, New York City.

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SHUT-IN, avid scrap-book verse hobbyist, would beg, borrow, or exchange favorites. Box 816-G.

INTERESTED IN OCCULT PHILOSOPHY, music, literature, and nature, lady writer would exchange ideas with mature, sincere, cultured gentleman. Box 818-G.

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ESCAPIST (more or less unsuccessful), caught in complex life of western defense city, would exchange letters with those interested in outdoor, books, photography, Mexico, and the Spanish language. Box 795-G.

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PERSONALS

LADY, college education, recovering from tuberculosis, seeks correspondence with gentleman in similar circumstances. Box 813-G.

TUBERCULOSIS HAS DRAWBACKS, no doubt. But might be the makin's of some young woman, secretly convinced she has brains—and letting Box No. 814-G in on it.

WILL SOMEONE CORRESPOND divertingly about music, art, and ballet with young man, 4-F but human, in uncongenial work? Do you like Dufy's paintings; 18th century music; Danilova's dancing; and letters? Box 815-G.

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